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FALL

LORIA

LORIA

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PAGE

FRONTISPIECE 4

FROM THIS CLAY 5

GYPSIES FOR A DAY 9

THERE ARE NO WORDS (Verse) 12

CHINESE POTTERY 13

IN THE LANGUAGE OF MY HEART (Verse) 16

THE GRAPE-GATHERERS 17

CASTLE ON THE MOON (Verse) 18

EDITORIAL 20

CONCERNING THE HONOR SYSTEM 22

BOOK REVIEWS 23

REWARDS AND PROMISES 27

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS FOR ART WORK 27

ADVERTISEMENTS 28

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FROM THIS CLAY

Virginia Holland, '35

From This Clay

MARY J. LAVIN, '36

JOHN MILLINGTON SYNGE belongs to that fortunate group of men who can truthfully say, "I came into this world, not to make it a good place to live in, but to live in it, good or bad." He has the exuberant joy of the Irishman in what is wild and primitive in nature, in people,—in just being alive. Life to him is a spectacle, a glorious picture, valuable not for what it represents, but for what it is. It is these qualities which make him a great dramatist.

Like Wordsworth and his predecessors, he knew that art "has strong roots among the clay and worms." It was this belief which made him realize, that for him the peasant idiom was the only medium of expression. The Irish people with "a popular imagination that is fiery and magnificent, and tender," furnish the dramatist with better material for uniting the real and the unusual, than a people who live "where the springtime of local life has been forgotten, and the harvest is a memory only, and the straw has been turned into bricks."

To William Butler Yeats, who encouraged Synge to leave Europe and visit the Aran Islands, literature is greatly indebted. The genius of the young playwright first began to flower there, in the wild country that was to become so close to his heart. In the "Notebooks," a varied collection of experiences, dealing with his life there, in Wicklow, and in West Kerry, we see the clay from which his plays were molded. These chapters show us their author personally. Synge had hitherto been attempting to see life subjectively. To quote Mr. Yeats, he was like "a child looking through a window, which it blurs with its own breath." But in the Aran Islands Synge learned to turn his gaze outward, to "see life steadily and see it whole." This is the beginning of the collaboration he mentions as such an essential part of art. When he tells us how he secured inspiration for his play, "The Shadow of the Glen," by listening to the conversation of servant girls through a chink in the floor, we understand what he means by collaboration.

"The Shadow of the Glen," the first of the plays to be performed, was derived from the folklore of Ireland as told by old Pat Dirane, one of the islanders with whom Synge delighted to converse in his native Gaelic tongue. This play is typically *Synge*. It has an intense quality which reveals the playwright as certain of his touch and methods. Nowhere in modern literature could we feel nearer to the core of nature. The plot is simple. Yet, we feel that in the short while his characters are before us, they reach the summit of their experience, the supreme moment of their

lives. Nora, the young wife, married to an old husband, dreams of a fresh, beautiful love, and goes out into the dark night with a tramp, "to hear the herons crying over the black lakes," and to seek the richer experience of which her imagination has told her. Although Synge calls it comedy, we cannot help but feel that he views life in a preëminently tragic way. Even if the parts where the dead man sits up in bed with a sneeze, and where the lovers, certain he is dead, discuss their affairs in his presence, evoke our amusement, we are not comfortable. Synge, with his humane and understanding heart, has won our sympathy too strongly for us to laugh at his characters.

Although a fateful atmosphere envelops "The Shadow of the Glen," it is not employed in such a dominating mood as in the "Riders to the Sea." This is the one play of Synge where the mood of loneliness is unrelieved. The characters are controlled by the elemental pulse of nature, and time is measured by the beating of the waves against the rocks. The play has an intensely emotional and primitive quality, but is mellowed by a prose style distinguished by its poetic cadence. Maurya, the old woman, grieving in the intuitive foreboding of her son's death, is in conflict with the sea. Although the sea is represented as a relentless monster in the play, we know instinctively that Maurya will remain herself in spite of all the tragedy she suffers. We accept readily the idea of a resistless fate and share with her the calmness of despair that ensues when all she fears has happened and there is an end to it.

"They're all gone now and there isn't any more the sea can do to me. . . . What more can we want than that? No man at all can be living forever, and we must be satisfied." In the very simplicity of the words and happenings, we find the tragedy of the play. The introduction of the bundle of clothes awakens a dim foreboding at first, and makes us tremble with fear for those who must open it later. When one daughter says, "Where is she?" and the other replies, "She's lying down, God help her, and maybe sleeping, if she's able," Synge succeeds in winning with a stroke our sympathy and understanding of Maurya's sufferings. In the "Aran Islands," the source of his material for the play is discussed. The passages in the book dealing with these people of the wild seacoast breathe the fatal atmosphere that is in the play. "On these Islands," he writes, "the women live only for their children." Farther on he continues, "The maternal feeling is so powerful on these Islands that it gives a life of torment to the women. . . . They are usually silent, but in the presence of death all outward show of indifference is forgotten and they shriek with pitiable despair before the horror of the fate to which they all are doomed." The perfection of the play lies in the author's compassion for his characters, and his ability to release this, not by that worst travesty, sentimentalism, but by a restrained, powerful, and moving technique.

In the "Well of the Saints" we have a Synge of many moods, cruelty, tenderness, mockery and cynicism. Yet the writer watches without censure or interference. Synge records but never judges. The irony of fate produces a tragic effect in the play. Two ugly old beggars, each believing the other beautiful, are cured of their blindness by a saint, and are thrown into bitter disillusionment. When the time comes for them to choose again between darkness and light, they take the darkness, preferring the security of their own dreams. The theme of the play might be stated as the discovery by an old man that the dignity of white hair may prove a compensation for what the years may bring. We leave old Martin Doul quite contented at the end of the play. Says he, with pride, "I'll be letting my beard grow in a short while, a beautiful, long, white, silken, streamy beard, you wouldn't see the like of in the eastern world—Ah, a white beard's a grand thing on an old man, a grand thing for making the quality stop and be stretching out their hands with good silver and gold."

It is strange that so mild and lovable a man, and one who cared little for faction of politics, was fated to arouse the antagonism and achieve the unpopularity that Synge received as a result of the "Playboy of the Western World." It was hated by the masses even before they knew what it was really about. Consequently, its production was awaited apprehensively. Lady Gregory, in her "Chapter of Autobiography" about the Irish Theatre, describes its famous first night very humorously. Synge was there, but Yeats was giving a lecture in Europe. The first act got its applause, and Mr. Yeats was duly telegraphed, "Play great success." At the end, however, they were obliged to send another, "Audience broke up in disorder at the word 'shift.'" The fight lasted the week, but Synge and his friends were determined that the Irish Theatre should be free of this mob censorship. The people, on the other hand, not used to works of imagination and wild fantasy, thought the play a libel on the Irish countryman. But the Abbey Players stuck to their guns. "We have been justified," says Lady Gregory, "for Synge's name has gone around the world, and we should have been ashamed forever if we had not insisted on a hearing for his most important work." In the "Playboy," we have all the laughter, violence and love of life that is so characteristic of the Elizabethans. The wildness of the language accounts in no small way for the wilder things which have been said about the author. It has a bitter humor, and an irony which is apparent when Christy Mahon learns the difference between "a gallous story and a dirty deed." And Christy was big enough to learn his lesson, or perhaps there was too much of Ireland in him to keep him melancholy for long. It was with a light heart, anyway, that he left the scene of his triumphs.

"Ten thousand blessings upon all that's here, for you've turned me

a likely gaffer in the end of all, the way I'll go romancing through a romping lifetime from this hour to the dawning of the judgment day." Not until that speech does the Playboy really become a man. Even before that moment, however, the adventure of his meeting with Pegeen Mike had opened his poet's soul and transformed him from a "dirty stuttering lout" to the "likely gaffer" who could utter these cadenced lines:

"It's well you know it's a lonesome thing to be passing small towns with the lights shining sideways when the night is down, or going in strange places with a dog noising before you and a dog noising behind, or drawn to the cities where you'd hear a voice kissing and talking deep love in every shadow of the ditch, and you passing on with an empty hungry stomach failing from your heart."

The play has that about it which fills you with the joy and richness of life, which leaves you standing tiptoe in hushed expectancy, for

> "behind the night,
> Waits for the great unborn, somewhere afar,
> Some white tremendous daybreak."

In "Deirdre of the Sorrows," literature is again left with another masterly fragment, a riddle of what might have been. This play, based on an early Irish tragedy, was begun when Synge was bewildered and despondent. All the time he had been writing plays, he suffered from ill health, and now his disease grew worse. His strength did not last long enough for him to finish the last play. It was a bitter disappointment to him, but he was to suffer an even greater one. All his life he had loved the Wicklow hills and everything in them. Out there in the open he had seen the things which were to "flash upon that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude." Out there he had delighted in the violence of life, and his warm heart grew from an understanding of nature to an understanding of her people. His request was that he could look out the window to the hills in the distance. But the window was too high and Synge, too weak to raise his body, died with tears in his eyes. "Had he finished 'Deirdre,' as he intended," says Mr. Yeats, "we should have had a masterpiece." Synge, however, had fulfilled himself sufficiently to leave the imprint of his genius in literature and the memory of himself in all our hearts.

"What more can we ask than that? No man at all can be living forever, and we must be satisfied."

Gypsies for a Day

DOROTHY V. DUFFY, '36

THIS summer I was formally introduced to the American hotel. Not that I had never been in a hotel before—far from it. But for the first time it was borne in upon me that a large part of our population does spend its time in hotels a part, or the whole, of the year. Whether they are to be pitied or envied or censured largely depends on the hotels which they frequent. Some hotels are just like home: you stay in them only when there is no other place to go. Some invite you to linger, offer the charms of fireplaces, comfortable seats, books. Some have a take-it-or-leave-it attitude that hurts a sensitive soul. You've got a room, they seem to say, their bare walls frowning down upon you as you wander through deserted corridors; why don't you stay in it?

Some hotels are a lot better than home. You put your dress between two layers of the door and next morning when you look at it again it has been cleaned and pressed and given a stitch or two where it needs it. You go down to breakfast at 10:30 a. m., leaving your room looking like chaos worse confounded; but when you return in time to dress for lunch everything is in apple-pie order, and there is a new batch of postcards to replace the set you used up telling your friends X-marks-the-spot-where-my-room-is. There is a radio between the twin beds, and there are lights all over, carefully graduated, as a printed card informs you, to allow the guest to tie her shoes, powder her nose, read the menu, and decipher her own handwriting, with the scientific maximum of comfort.

These are the hotels one would like to stay in. And there are other agreeable varieties; the homey country or small-town one, for instance. I had opportunity to judge them all this summer. We made up a party: Lucy, Margaret, Helena, and I, and, on some occasions, Sandy. With hope in our hearts and as much luggage as we could pile into the car we went a-gypsying, and really we covered a great deal of territory—Washington, Boston, the Mohawk trail, large pieces of New England, and bits of New Jersey and Pennsylvania. In the course of our journeyings we sampled several kinds of hotel.

I remember the *Meldon*. We had two rooms and a bath on the top floor, and the timbered ceilings ran steeply up far above our heads. The walls were a pale green, and in each room there was a row of those casement windows that begin about five feet up from the floor, with draw-curtains of fruity chintz. One room had an extra screen door that led out on a balcony. Lucy wouldn't sleep there for fear of burglars and such-like, so she and I took the inner room and gave the outer one to Mar-

garet and Helena. We always paired off that way. Besides, Margaret has nightmares, and her yells would appall the most intrepid marauder who ever jimmied a window. So we thought we'd be safe, and we were.

We enjoyed it there. For one thing there were books in the lounge, and when we wanted one we just walked upstairs with it and read it. Most transient hotels don't let you do that. They keep them under lock and key. But the *Meldon* trusted us and we proved worthy, though it was a temptation to make off with a few nice ones that we had never read before. Next morning we wandered out onto a flagged sunporch and found a brilliant macaw in a cage. A friendly maid told us we could feed him some leaves if we wanted to, and in a minute he stopped screaming at us and began to eat, holding a leaf in his claws while he tore at it with his sharp beak. That's the kind of hotel one likes to stay in.

Then there's the New England variety. The New Englanders know how to extract the last bit of cash from a stranger's pocket. But they do give you your money's worth. We landed in one of those places where the owners live by art and antiques. The fleet was there, and as we drove through the village its one narrow street seemed to have broken out in a rash with sailors. We crept along with extreme care lest we injure a few of them. Suddenly Margaret began to giggle. There was a monument with a sign forbidding loitering on it, and there must have been thirty gobs sitting on it swinging their legs.

However, at last we got through the crush and the Pilgrimtown *Sempsicutt* received us. We signed up for two rooms and bath. Lucy had a whole room to herself, but it was a very little one. Into the other biggish one, which already contained two beds, a cot was moved. Outside the windows ran a narrow balcony with steps leading down to the sandy beach, and a few yards away the ocean drew its deep-breathing tides slowly to and fro. Remarks were made about getting up early and climbing out the window to have a before-breakfast swim, but next morning it was too cold.

The Pilgrimtown *Sempsicutt* did us very well. In fact, the rates were among the highest of the entire trip. But it was worth it. I had my first taste of swordfish. And besides there were the ducklings in the lobby, six of them, in a little house with a pool at the front door and a gangplank leading into it, down which they sometimes walked, one after the other, to take to the water. There were two toy boats in the pool to keep the ducks company, but I don't think they liked them much. Luckily Sandy wasn't with us at this time.

But we did have him at the *State* in Washington. Do you know, a dog, especially a rather engaging one of no particular ancestry, is a great humanizing factor. How the elevator boys smiled, how the chambermaids softened! How benignantly the rotund and imposing figures of

other guests stood back and waited while we maneuvered the wary beast through the revolving doors! What superb service we got, considering our quite ordinary largesse! The hotel became one vast beaming entity that reached out loving arms and enfolded us to a surprisingly human heart. Unreproved we raced the pup through its corridors and smuggled him tidbits from the dining room. That was a joyous week. I shall always think very tenderly of the *State*.

Then there was the hotel in Atlantic City. A charming place with three different faucets: hot water, cold water, and ice water. The last was for drinking, the other two were undrinkable, being, I believe, right out of the ocean. The thing I liked best was the library, rows and rows of books; to take one, one signed one's name and the book. And the next nicest thing was the entrance that let one right out on the boardwalk. Since the weather was freezing cold, this was better than to walk half a block over the ice-sheathed wooden walk to the hotel proper.

It's curious how much time one spends eating when living in a hotel. One rises late, breakfasts, comes back and dresses for lunch, lunches, goes out window-shopping or sight-seeing, has tea, comes back in time to dress for dinner, dines, and so on, *ad infinitum*. It is a very worldly existence, or should I say, fleshly existence. But it has its bright spots. For instance, I made the acquaintance of *The Prisoner of Zenda* and *Rupert of Hentzau*. And we learned a great deal about hotel libraries. In some hotels they leave the books unguarded. In some, you are expected to sign your name. In others, the books are kept under lock and key, and the librarian follows you around with the keys and a suspicious expression. But that's a part of hotel life. And even if one stays in civilized centers, still one may by a gypsy, for each new hotel is a fresh adventure.

Next summer we're going to gypsy even more effectively—we are going to try overnight camping in some of the cabin colonies that are springing up like mushrooms from Maine to Florida. In some two-roomed rustic dwelling off among the murmuring pines with a (presumably) crystal spring gushing some little distance away, we shall remain for a week, a fortnight, far from the crowd, the clamour, the dust and smoke of humanity. . . . Idyllic, is it not? Certes, we would never have dared it before. But now that we have Sandy to protect us we will dare anything. He will terrorize mouse and burglar equally. And we shall sleep sound, knowing that beside us is an ear that never sleeps.

THERE ARE NO WORDS

O LOVE, there are no words in any tongue
To aptly sing your praises. Who can snare
Within a poem's cadence all the young
Exultant being of the stinging air,
Or weave a song as simple and as bright
As one that fills the throats of singing birds?
For all the starry loveliness of night,
For love, for you, O Love, there are no words.

More beautiful, more swiftly than the white
Wing of a gull that beats upon the sea
And rises drenched in splendour by the light
Of shattered waters, you return to me
Forever clothed in wonder. You are one
As quiet and sufficient as the sun.

Kathleen Sheehan, '35.

Chinese Pottery

ANNE TIERNEY, '35

TRACES from the earliest civilization show the universality of the artistic impulse, the irresistible desire of the individual to make articulate his ideals in some form of artistic endeavor. The ancient Chinese, with their enormous artistic ability, had the happy gift of translating this desire of the moth for the star into concrete experience through the media of painting and sculpture, lacquer-work and pottery. Almost the entire story of the old Chinese tradition, its ancestor worship and nature worship, its aspirations toward the fine, perfect, chaste expression of thought and ideal, can be read in its ceramics.

In spite of the confusion and turmoil produced by military despotism and invasions, many early Chinese emperors took pride in patronizing the arts and in encouraging every phase of culture. This imperial patronage was reflected directly in the art of ceramics in several ways. To give a specific example of this, it is related that a certain Emperor Wei issued an edict against the sacrifice of human beings, the custom then prevailing demanding the execution of slaves at the death of their master. Consequently, small pottery effigies were enclosed in graves in place of their human counterparts. Many of these charming and graceful figurines of dancing girls, officials, servants and exquisite society ladies remain to illustrate for us their way of life and to display the amazing skill of the potter.

The difference between pottery and porcelain, as these terms are generally used, is that pottery is made of clay in nearly its natural state, whereas porcelain is a chemical compound of kaolin, a fine white china clay, and petuntze, a hard rock ground to a powder. The edge of a broken piece of pottery resembles a piece of cake, the clay being a porous substance, and the glaze comparable to icing. A piece of porcelain is, however, a homogeneous substance, the glaze being of the same rock-like consistency as the body of the object. This glaze was brushed or sprayed on the thoroughly dried jar, which was then fired in a kiln. The kilns of China formed so great a part of her industry that there were cities of as many as a million inhabitants, all of them engaged in this work. Most of the kilns were built on hillsides, the hottest fires nearest the top, so that the whole looked like a tremendous conflagration.

Throughout the T'ang era (851-976 A. D.), China was in one of her most peaceful periods, during which a marvelous civilization developed. About this time celadons appeared. This term is not Chinese, but originated from the fact that a shepherd named Celadon, in a seventeenth cen-

tury French play wore a cloak of peculiar green. The French were of course familiar with this, and when pottery of a delicate onion or willow green arrived from China, it was hailed as celadon. It is thought that celadons derived their origin from the attempt to imitate jade, and that white jade was the early ideal to which they aspired in the white wares. The chief characteristics of the T'ang period are great realism, force and vitality. It will now be of interest to turn to the age that represents the apex of pottery, the Sung period (960-1260 A. D.).

The greatest triumph before the Sung was Ch'ai yao, which supplied a model for many Sung productions. In the extravagant and lyrical praises of the old writers this ware is described as being: "Ch'ing (blue) like the sky, clear as a mirror, thin as paper, and resonant as the musical stone, glossy, fine, and beautiful, with delicate markings and coloring, far surpassing everything that had preceded it." Spurred on by the Emperor's interest and command, Sung potters exercised their supreme efforts in the attempt to achieve the color designated as the "blue of the sky after rain." Even the more impartial critics of the present day admire the spirit of beauty of this ware, the purity of curve and balance, the proportion, the sureness of hand and the dignity that raised this craft to a true art. Here began the use of a thick, opaque, unctuous glaze produced by the addition of oxides of tin. Among contemporary connoisseurs Sung pottery was prized because of its ivory color and exquisite line. The decoration was nearly always subordinated to contour and texture, but was nevertheless lovely and significant. Pottery still retained some of the characteristics of bronze in the symbols used in the design, very frequently employing the Greek key, or cloud-and-thunder pattern. Since the liquid glaze had the natural tendency to run down the sides, bowls were usually stoved upside down, and finished later with a neat bronze band around the rim.

One of the most useful materials in pottery making, even now, is slip, a thin mixture of clay and water. Its general utilitarian purpose is to attach handles, feet and other parts to the pottery, but of equal importance is its art in decoration. In the manufacture of slipware, dried clay forms were covered with slip, allowed to dry leather hard, and then the design was incised through the slip to the foundation clay. Occasionally a vase was coated with a thin wash of black, and the design cut through this to reveal the white slip beneath, producing the effect known as Graffito.

Pottery was used not only for such small objects as vases, jars and bowls, but also for large statues. In the caves of a great mountain of

China sixteen huge figures were buried. Many years later robbers stole some of them, but were caught, and the statues remained in the hands of the authorities. During the Ming dynasty, the damage that had occurred in transit was repaired and the statues distributed. The Metropolitan Museum has two of these, one a sage whose countenance fairly glows with gracious benignity, and at the same time conveys an impression of rare sagacity and a grave sternness in keeping with his calling. The necessary strength required by such large figures was provided by a foundation of iron rods, inside the common clay, which was covered with a layer of finer clay and glazed in splotches of color. The Ming dynasty was the last great period in pottery. This is often considered to have produced the highest development in ceramics, but since it was so very similar to the Sung, the question is open to discussion.

The Chinese emperors of the third century B. C. who built the Great Wall, the only structure made by man visible to the astronomers of the moon (should there be such), were possessed of the same desire for perfect execution of the task at hand that inspired their descendants, a thousand years later, to work such seeming miracles as vases so fine that water could be seen through them. All the Ching family, for a century and a quarter, was supremely successful in fostering the manufacture of porcelain. Contrary to the common belief, the finest porcelains now in existence are of comparatively recent date, contemporary with Louis XIV, XV and XVI of France. At the end of the Ming dynasty the royal factories and kilns were destroyed, but the first Ching emperor, K'ang-Hsi, rebuilt them, and founded an academy of fine arts that was to last a century. During the Ching period there was a very popular ware known as underglaze blue. On the dried jar the design was painted with cobalt blue, dried, glazed and fired. The deep, enduring blue produced by this process will remain unfaded and undulled as long as the smallest piece of this porcelain exists.

Every object used in the designs had a distinct significance for the Chinese. Their instinctive inclination toward nature worship is shown in their fondness for such legendary creatures as the dragon, the phœnix and the tortoise. The carp represented the type of literary aspiration, drawing the parallel from the fact that this fish valiantly pushed its way upstream, and when it had reached its goal was believed to be converted into a dragon. Ovoid forms signified the masculine or heavenly type, and the square, the feminine or earthly. The flowers of the lotus, chrysanthemum, prunus (similar to hawthorne) and frangipani symbolized the four seasons and were the inspiration for the most exquisite of Chinese porcelains. It is interesting to note that landscape designs are always

(Continued on page 26)

IN THE LANGUAGE OF MY HEART

I

DEAR one,
You know I cannot tell you
How much I love,
But if you would know
Watch the trees sway
Gently into the wind,
Watch the blue sky parchment
Etched with cloud words,
And watch the sea
Rhymically flow upon the land.
All these speak
In the language of my heart.

II

But even if love could be
Measured in words,
Or written to music—
Neither of these ways
Would I use to express
This infinite longing
For you.
No, you must learn
My message
From my eyes.

Angeline Leibinger, '38.

The Grape-Gatherers

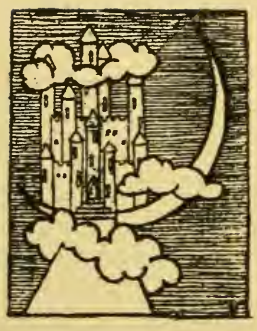
DOROTHY V. DUFFY, '36

IN the autumn we often go to the country for week-ends. And as week follows week we see the failing of summer and the advance of fall, and at last winter begins to breathe over the land and for a while there are no more week-ends. This Sunday just past we went up on the hill and gathered grapes and looked for bittersweet. I can think of worse ways of spending the Sabbath.

The vines are far up the hill, at the end of the pasture. The ground was soggy from Saturday's rain and we picked our way gingerly along. Only the dogs didn't mind the mud. They tore far head of us and went wheeling way off to the left and right, after the fashion of the creatures. Sandy particularly likes these excursions, and he went whisking along, ears flapping and tail awag, looking like an animated autumn leaf blown by the wind.

We filled our baskets, and sought bittersweet; clumps of the berries were everywhere, orange and red and yellow globes, all the colors of flame, hiding under green leaves. It was no trouble at all to gather great branches of it. The difficulty was to make our way through the wilderness of scratchy and thorny plants without spilling the grapes or stepping into a rut hidden under a tangle of brown grass. There was beauty all about us if we could have taken our minds off the scratches on our legs, the mud on our shoes, and the wire handle of a grape basket cutting into some one's palm. All over the hillside the sumac was reddening, and the woodbine flamed too scarlet for belief. Even the tiniest maple trees, a scant dozen inches high, were beginning to turn yellow and bronze and vermilion and that rich deep pink of which only the maple tree has the secret. And everywhere were patches of yellow goldenrod and thickets of little Michaelmas daisies, dozens of them to a single plant. The first tongues of flame were licking through the brown pastures in which the old year would lie down and burn to death on its pyre. But the strawberry vines clung about our ankles and would not be denied.

CASTLE ON THE MOON



SOME folks never know that fairies only in the summer play,
Or that their promise of returning, is the springtime flowers
of May;
For in the autumn pixies thrive, and elves and brownies fill
the woods,
While all the fairies of the springtime live in dreams and
happy moods.

Still must the sun be taken in, and stars hung in their proper places;
Still must the moon go high sky riding, and the clouds have dusted faces;
But work of spring, and work of summer, can't be done in colder seasons,
Nor can winter work be done in spring, and for the self same reasons.

On the first day of the season, moving in and out is done,
But for one whole week beforehand, preparations are begun.
Brownies, pixies, elves, and goblins, nymphs and fairy ladies fair,
Live together, celebrating, for the coming change of year.

They live in an enchanted castle, on the corner of the moon;
Here they dance and have a party, sorry winter's come so soon.
The walls are silken spider webs, and sprinkled stardust makes them bright;
And carpeting the floor are feathers, soft as down and always white.

Talking, laughing, planning frolics, drinking dewdrop wine with ease,
Whirling 'round in happy circles, to the humming wings of bees;
Now the fairies fly in waltz time, wearing best and polished wings,
Now the brownies roll and tumble, being acrobatic kings.

One sad pixie is a poet, mourning a forgotten flower;
And another is a forlorn lover, writing sonnets by the hour.
Some are fat and some are tall, some more graceful than the others;
And even here in fairyland, sisters argue with their brothers.

Beauty queens have jealous husbands; children on the verge of tears;
And amid the frightened ladies, gallant knights must calm their fears;
Yet even in a shining castle, parties can't go on forever,
And fairy workers are kept busy, on account of changing weather.

Now the celebrating's over, no more parties for a while;
And the winter workers start to change the landscape, mile on mile.
Elves and brownies work together, putting summer things away,
And the whole world changes color; winter time has come to stay.

Little elfin men are painting; soon the trees will all be red,
And the brownies come to gather all the flowers that are dead.
Next the pixies count and gather, leaves that have been painted bright,
And the moon is washed with silver, to shine colder every night.

And in empty woodland places, where the trees have died away,
Hide the little winter goblins, making even daytime gray,
And instead of dancing lightly, as the nymphs in summer do,
Every little winter goblin tries his best to frighten you.

Forgotten nests and empty houses of the birds gone south for health,
Are repaired so that the springtime will find no one less in wealth.
And little flower bulbs neglected until now are buried deep;
Soon the snowdrop men will come to cover them while they're asleep.

So does every changing season make, of this enchanted castle,
Home for every tiny worker, Mother Nature's earnest vassal.
On its left-hand moonlit corner, there it stands the live long year,
What a pity that some people never even know its there!

Virginia Holland, '35.

Editorial

"DON'T forget, you'll get just as much out of this course as you put into it!" Could you weather that broadside with a smile, without having to count higher than fifteen? If you could, don't worry. Your sense of the ridiculous will serve you dutifully to the bitter end. But the more subtle ones will recognize the fact that this cryptic remark heralds the approach of the days of reckoning.

Now, to those poor unfortunates, who at this time feel themselves sinking into the slough of despond, may we suggest that they take into their hearts the noble advice of the Bard of Avon, "Assume a virtue if you have it not." Learn how to laugh! Incidentally, this ability to summon a laugh by command of the will, will become quite a practical accomplishment during the term. We have yet to meet the professor who gave himself an examination in his own jokes and then cut the class.

It is readily perceived then, that the primary reason exams are so disliked is because they are not presented to us attractively. We would suggest as a remedy for this the formation of an æsthetic committee having for its lofty ideal the intent to "Make Mid-terms Merrier," always keeping in mind the fact that, laugh and the world laughs with you, flunk and your marks go home! Instead of announcing exams in a cold-blooded fashion, said committee could engage in an extensive advertising campaign. Remember, it pays to advertise! Now, it could be the duty of this committee to solicit testimonials of approbation from such recognized lights as, Harold Lloyd, Eddie Cantor, and Ed Wynn. What could be more conducive to an optimistic outlook, than to walk into the locker room and find one's self confronted with a picture of Ed Wynn in a suitable pose, having underneath it these encouraging words:

"Remember, the only reason I am where I am, is because I took my exams as a joke, and stuck to my horse."

Now there are some unhappy creatures who manage to keep their sense of humor during those weeks of waiting, only to find it suddenly desert them when they enter the exam room and discover that maybe they shouldn't have taken that course after all. For their benefit, we would suggest making the rooms more attractive. Let us consider a specific case: You are taking a math exam. You are half way through a logarithm example with two minutes to go. What could be more provoking than to look up hopefully for inspiration, and find nothing but blank wall slapping you in the face, with possibly a crack in the plaster just to relieve the monotony? Could your sense of humor stand that test? You'll have to admit that it would have been much more helpful, if when you had looked up, you had seen gay little posters such as the following: "Keep smiling. Only sixty-five more days to the Christmas Vacation," or "Why worry?" Remember, when mid-terms come, can June be far behind?" It is through such simple devices as these that the most hopeless hypochondriacs have been regenerated.

The next phase of mid-terms is popularly known as the post-mortem. It starts the moment you have handed in your paper and extends until one week after your name has appeared on the bulletin board. This is the time when all conscientious students find out, by an intricate process of mathetmatics, that instead of needing 19 to pass, they need 105.

There is little we can offer in the way of suggesting a means of keeping up the spirits during these trying days. Of course, you can always keep in mind the Freshman, who when the Reverend Dean remarked, "Now, I don't expect to see you in my office again," replied in an alarmed tone, "Why, you're not resigning, are you?" You can also keep in mind the fact that genius only burns in one alley. We may be prejudiced, but where would Byron and Shelley have been if they were good mathematicians? Really, the only thing you can do about the whole affair is to develop a philosophic attitude and keep in mind Rebecca McCann's little ditty:

"My teachers criticize me
And say I loaf and shirk,
I'd do great things to show them
Except it's so much work."

Concerning The Honor System

VIRGINIA HOLLAND, '35

IT is certainly evident that there is a total lack of enthusiasm, throughought the college, concerning the Honor System. I believe this to be due to an equally widespread misunderstanding. Hence, I hope that by explaining those points about which most people are mistaken, I may be able to bring about a less antagonistic attitude towards the Honor System in general.

The penalties for violation are by no means as severe as most people imagine. The purpose of the Honor System is to help you help yourself. Obviously too astringent penalties would defeat this purpose. However, since we must have some sanction, penalties cannot be done away with entirely. To assure you that these penalties are not unreasonable, it has been a practice for some time, to have no fixed punishments, but to allow each one to fit the case in question. And I am certain the committee has never been lacking in leniency.

Some of you have been discouraged by the necessity of reporting violations. This is a difficulty easily overcome by an understanding of what the practical moral duties include. It is no mere invitation, but an actual command, that we be "our brothers' keeper." Besides this duty of protecting our neighbor, even from himself, it is a matter of common sense to realize that every violation is an individual injustice to you. To those who remain proctored, rather than place themselves in a possible temptation, only this may be said: To refuse to improve one's self is a far more ignominious defeat than to be unable to. It is an attitude unworthy of St. Joseph's College.

Antagonism is apparent in classes where the professors thoughtlessly express opinions in regard to the distinction between proctored and non-proctored students. Such opinions have no actual bearing upon the grades you receive or upon you. This system is a matter of undergraduate administration and, while it deserves the respect of everyone in the college, we have no control over opinions.

Recently the Honor System has degenerated into a matter of conducting examinations. Everyone seems to have lost sight of the fact that it was established for a much higher purpose. Does it matter whether you take your exams on the third floor or in the gym, in comparison to your own appreciation of yourself as trustworthy? It is far less important to sign your name to a pledge than to live according to the spirit of its law. To know that you trust yourself is a cause for legitimate self-satisfaction.

Book Reviews

JAMES SHORE'S DAUGHTER

By Stephen Vincent Benét.

In this instance, Mr. Benét shows his prowess as a novelist, yet he manages to retain his poetic touch, and the result is an excellent, typically American story. "Long Jim Shore" was a Yankee prince who spent his life building up a fortune which he handed on to his daughter, Violet Shore. This is really her story, showing how she betrays her own heart to carry on the tradition which her father had made. Her love story with Gareth starts when they meet at a party at the tender age of eight. Violet's first words to Gareth are an index to her character throughout the story.

"Hello boy," she said briefly. "Your collar's dirty. I don't think this is a nice party. Get me some ice cream."

And the equally characteristic retort of the boy:

"Get it yourself," I said, "you're not supposed to sit on those stairs anyway." With two such determined, stubborn people, it seems inevitable that the outcome of their love should be tragic. Violet is torn between her love for the traditions which her father has instilled in her and her love for Gareth. Her idealization of money and position seem to force her to marry a wealthy Englishman. The unexpected meetings of Gareth and Violet continue till both are well past middle age. They seem to be seeking that lost love of their youth which everyone secretly expects to find again. A. S.

(Doubleday, Doran & Co.)

NIJINSKY

By Romola Nijinsky.

This purports to be the story of Nijinsky, the greatest dancer of modern times, told by his wife Romola, but it is in reality a paean of praise to a woman's devotion that horror, cruelty and poverty could not alter. She is an extremely sensitive and intelligent woman whose only end in existence was to serve her husband.

The prelude to their love was sounded by the old maitre de ballet: "Beware! Nijinsky is a fire that gives light but seldom warmth." Now he is in an insane asylum, he of whom his wife said: "When he came to me, I felt like the women of old when the gods came down to earth to them." In the art of the dance he was a genius, and he was a genius in the art of love.

Nijinsky is a name to conjure with, for even in his own day it is fast becoming a legend and Madame Nijinsky has done her part in deifying it. K. S.

(Simon & Schuster.)

LUST FOR LIFE

By Irving Stone.

Here is the enraptured story of the tragic Vincent van Gogh who in spite of noble striving after love and joy in living, was a failure in life, but in spite of his failure did not wholly fail. He turned from love and religion and found his only consolation in painting. He started out to be an art dealer, but his sensitivity defeated him in this, his only chance for a normal life. He disdained the sham in such an existence: "How can a man justify himself for spending his one and only life selling very bad pictures to very stupid people?" In the Borinage where he went to bring Christianity as Christ taught it to the wretched, starving miners, he at least found himself and he realized that his *raison d'être* lay in painting. In the midst of material poverty he came upon a vastness of spiritual wealth that is seldom granted to any man in the span of an ordinary lifetime.

For years he worked without any kind of recompense and his work did not show improvement. When his father saw him discard painting after painting, he said:

"What if at the end the work remains poor?"

"The artist takes that gamble, Father."

"Are the rewards worth the gamble?"

"The rewards? What rewards?"

"The money one gets, and the position in society."

Then Vincent said: "I thought we were discussing good and bad art." He lived for his ideals alone and the world does not yet applaud an idealist until long after he is dead. In Paris he starved with the master Impressionists, Gauguin, Seurat, Lautrec, Cezanne, Rousseau. In *Lust for Life* we are privileged to walk with the immortals, and we feel for them envy and a great pity. Vincent did not earn a cent more in his life after he left the art gallery, and his brother Theo was his sole support. The delineation of their affection is a loud hosanna to brotherly love. Mr. Stone's story is a masterly thing, for in it he has ensnared part of the rapture that was Vincent van Gogh.

K. S.

(Longmans, Green & Co.)

FISH ON FRIDAY

By Leonard Feeney.

In this group of fourteen delightful essays, Leonard Feeney recounts his amusing relations with a number of amiable people. The book takes its name, *Fish on Friday*, from the first essay, the only one intentionally theoretical and not concerned with the whimsical stories of certain guileless individuals. In this essay Father Feeney explains his theory of true humor; he believes "it is a shatteringly laughable experience to transfer one's attachment suddenly from something sublime and eternal to something desperately temporal and comestible, to be loving at the same time a living angel and at another a dead cow" (in the form of Sister Mary's nice thick beefsteak).

The author admits he has no sympathy with modern "complexes"; the people he writes about are "simple" folk, sublimely important, ridiculous because of some idiosyncrasy or other and hence very lovable.

M. W.

(Sheed & Ward.)

STARS FELL ON ALABAMA

By Carl Carmer.

In the foreword the author tells us that he has chosen "to write of Alabama not as a state which is part of a nation, but as a strange country in which I once lived and from which I have now returned." Truly is this remarkable book a complete and vivid account of this man's experiences in such a supposedly commonplace land as Alabama. The na-

tive Alabamian firmly believes that at some time in the history of his unique state, a shower of stars fell over the land, and from then on its destiny was changed.

The religious mass meetings of the different factions are described in detail. The usual procedure of hymn singing and preaching was varied by the unusual process of foot-washing, accompanied by chanting. This works the people up to a high emotional pitch, after which they would suddenly realize that they had "got religion." "How long, O Savior, O how long?" is a characteristic cry of the Negro for spiritual relief.

Stars Fell On Alabama is not the usual tale of the Southland, rich in romance and picturesque details. It is a realistic account of the customs and habits peculiar to the Negro inhabitants of Alabama. Mr. Carmer, by making his story autobiographic, adds that human note which is so necessay to a tale of this type. It is one of the better local color stories and should secure its author a comfortable niche in the history of American literature. A. S.

(Farrar & Rinehart.)

AMERICAN SONG

By Paul Engel.

For those who have wished for a poet "to lift this changeless glimmer of dull grey," Doubleday, Doran & Co. presents Paul Engel. He possesses the imagination and the fire of youth. He has some of the strength of Walt Whitman, the same strong affirmativeness and decisive power of imagery but he possesses also Whitman's lack of artistic restraint. What could better express Whitman's credo than the following:

"Here in our land we will not look back
Eastward across the old ancestral ocean."

and

"Here we live
The full and reckless life, nothing declared
Too hard but we will give it our endeavor."

Here, indeed, is faith and joy in living and after a few decades of the "Oh God, my pain" lyrics of Millay and Wylie, it is indeed welcome.

But along with an assertive message of life worth living, Mr. Engel possesses the sensitivity that is a prerequisite to great poetry. The following lines give us a glimpse of the beauty of his heart and the strength of his intellect: "The waves had clenched their fists until the knuckles whitened." One of his finest poems is to Shelley:

"And now the burrs
On the hill of our future's dark uncertainty,
Forever against the black flag of our grief,
Your leaping and immortal flame of song."

If Mr. Engel will condense, volalitize till he obtains only the pure essence, he will be a great poet. He suggests his own remedy:

"Clean the fallow, stubble field
Of the mind and mounting higher
From the imagination's rock
Strike living fire."

K. S.

(Doubleday, Doran & Co.)

CHINESE POTTERY

(Continued from page 14)

continuous, so that regardless of which way the vase is turned, a complete, balanced and beautiful composition appears.

Soft paste porcelain, or pâte tendre, was covered with a glaze containing lead, which lent a soft transparency. Small precious objects were made of this, and used as gifts, bearing messages of prosperity and happiness, indicated by peaches, bats and dragons. Crackled ware was the result of a very ingenious process: a glazed piece was placed in a very hot oven, and cold air allowed to rush in. This contracted the glaze and produced the crackled effect. Experienced potters were able to control the side of the crackle by regulating the amount of heat and cold introduced.

The names that porcelains now bear are nearly all French, and were applied very loosely, referring to color only as a means of classification. Hence we have the Famille verte, famille jaune, rouge d'or, noire, clair-de-lune, aubergine. Sang de bœuf is the name of a most famous monochrome, a rich ox-blood color, effected by the influence of oxide of copper in the glaze. The rim at the top and the small feet were very carefully protected so that the glaze stopped just short of them, leaving them pure white. To a Chinese potter, the highest achievement was to put a piece into the kiln and have it come out exactly as he expected. Obviously this ideal was difficult of attainment, and on many excellent pieces the color shows streaks and blotches, and the glaze has collected in drops, instead of spreading smoothly.

Antique Chinese pottery cannot be judged by contemporary standards. The physical perfection wrought by modern machinery often blinds us to the beauty of hand work, the slight irregularities that are the print of hands long crumbled into dust. Of hand labor Ruskin said: "That is the way the power of Greece rose on her Ægean, the power of Venice on her Adria, Amalfi in her blue bay, of the Norman sea riders from the North Cape to Sicily. By machinery you would advance to discovery; by machinery you would carry your commerce; you would be engineers instead of sailors; and instantly in the North Seas you are beaten among the ice, and before the very Gods of Nile, beaten among the sand." It is only the historical viewpoint that can give us a standard of taste and judgment in considering these objects. The realization that such romantic figures as Genghis Khan, Kublai Khan and Marco Polo actually took part in founding the culture that produced these potteries, must inevitably transform and recreate our imaginations, heretofore sluggish and unappreciative when confronted with this art.

Rewards and Promises

AT the moment of going to press we are suffering from what the old-fashioned novelist would call "mingled emotions"—hardly have we gotten over the feelings accompanying our return to these halls of learning; barely have we begun to fracture our fall resolutions not to cut, than the preliminaries (mid-terms) are upon us . . . we fear it will be too much . . . and then there are always the postmortems. . . . The LORIA BOARD wishes someone would think of something to do about those lamps in Fontbon Hall—at our last meeting one of the wires was tripped over and the hall plunged in darkness, while two members went groping around on the floor after the plug. . . . You know, we are meeting in the evening again, but not so late—"Meeting at Night" and "Parting at Morning" used to describe us, but now we creep home at a seasonable hour and no more sundaes at Loft's. . . . We're still locked out, though, and have to sit on the benches and twiddle our thumbs till someone lets us in . . . and we can't think why. . . . We wonder if it would do any good to have white boards and black chalk—all the dark sleeves among the faculty seem to rub against the blackboard and show the effects, and it gets on our housewifely nerves. . . . Not a bad idea, that, of one girl buying the bid for the Halowe'en Dance and another providing the boy friend—we didn't have the money but we would have been glad to contribute our brother—he's six feet, a football player, looks elegant in a boiled shirt, and guaranteed not to tread on your toes. . . . Can't anyone tell us what to do about the girl who threw away a theme? When this department tried to get it (to publish!) we found out it was in some unaccessible waste basket. . . . We didn't weep, but it was an effort. . . . When a girl throws a spitball—that's nothing. But when a professor throws a spitball—that news? Good night, children, until next issue.

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WINTER CONTENTS 1934

	PAGE
FRANKINCENSE AND MYRRH	5
FRANÇOIS VILLON	9
STEREOPTICON (Verse)	12
A NEW WORLD OF MATERIALS	13
A PIONEER IN SELF-EXPRESSION	15
SNOWFALL (Verse)	17
SIGNIFICANCE OF CRANBERRIES	18
MEMINISSE JUVABIT	19
MARY'S LULLABY (Verse)	22
JULIET	23
THE SONG OF BEAUTY (Verse)	26
IN THE CHILL DECEMBER	27
THE FIFTH AVENUE BUS	28
LULU'S LAPSES	29
THE PLAY'S THE THING	33
BOUQUETS AND BRICKBATS	42
ADVERTISEMENTS	44

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FRONTISPIECE *Mary McLoughlin, '35*

Frankincense and Myrrh

DOROTHY V. DUFFY, '36

I

A SEA of blue twilight washed the plains and hills of Judea; white stars pulsed through the dusk, and one red star flickered and glowed. The red star was a fire burning on a hillside in the center of a circle of low tents; about it rough men in the woolen tunics and leathern girdles of their race and calling talked in low uncertain voices, and the women moved about in unaccustomed silence.

Footsteps sounded, and a young man emerged into the firelight. He threw down the heavy sack from his shoulder.

"What has happened? Why are ye all so unwonted quiet? As I came up the hill it might have been an abode of the dead."

"Jest not, Judah," an old man rebuked him, but gently. "It has happened what was foretold. He has come."

"He?" A vague expectation quivered in his tone.

"He Who will deliver us from our enemies and make us a free people again—the Messiah."

"The Messiah! Jehovah is good! Where?"

"In the cave over the hill, where old Abram keeps his kine."

"In the—!" Judah burst into laughter. "The King of Glory!—in a cave!—with a brace of oxen!"

"Judah! Angels appeared and told us! Is it not for the Messiah Himself to judge in what manner He will come to us?" The elder's grave tone sobered the young man.

"Think you we may see Him, Joatham?"

"We go shortly to the cave, bringing gifts."

"What gifts can *we* make to *Him?*"

"Of what we have, Judah," broke in a still older man, white-bearded and venerable. "Isaac shall take a lamb—the beautiful white one born only three days ago. Abraham shall offer a piece of linen of his wife's weaving. Isaiah has milk, and Miriam is even now baking bread. We shall all give of our best; He shall know our hearts. And thou, Judah? A few of those lambs' skins from thine own herd? So fine and soft we have never seen."

Judah reflected and shook his head, as his hand went groping to his girdle. The other shepherds carried gourds at their belts, and Abraham

had a ram's horn carefully fitted with a stopper. But Judah possessed a cup, a hammered copper cup; it was the only article of its kind in the tribe, and they all thought it quite the finest thing they had. He detached it now and turned it lovingly in his hands.

"I give this to the King."

Among the shepherds rose a low murmur of surprise and gratification. The elders nodded approval and stroked their white beards. Miriam's coming into the circle, with some fresh loaves wrapped in a clean cloth, was the signal for departure.

"I will carry the bread, Miriam," offered Judah, but she shook her head, smiling.

"Thou canst carry the lamb, if thou wilt," broke in Isaac. "It has grown amazingly in three days, and is overheavy for an old man. It is good that the young should spare the sinews of the old." He looked about at his fellows, his fine wise eyes twinkling. Judah took up the lamb and laid it over his shoulder, and the shepherds started for the cave.

The night was ineffably blue, the stars cast a gossamer shimmer over it. A lost breeze sighed over the earth, tugged at their mantles, rippled Miriam's veil and lifted Isaac's white beard.

"Thou hast forgotten thy cloak, Judah," reminded Miriam.

"Nay, I need it not."

"Thou needst it not! Thou wilt have a sickness and go running to thy mother begging her to cast it out! Bah, all youths are fools."

"So it is really not my fault."

"Hasten to become a man, and wise."

Isaac laughed at them, and the little company walked along in silence until Miriam broke it again. "Look, brethren! the star . . . "

They had all seen it—a white beautiful blazing star that outshone all the others. It glowed and pulsated with welling light, and it hung like a beacon over the rock in which the cave was hollowed. At the foot of the rock some camels were tethered.

"Others must have come to see Him too," said Miriam.

A torch burned in the cave, and the white light melted into golden; the humble straw gleamed like pale gold. Cattle munched in their stalls, and a rich sweet scent hung in the air, but the shepherds did not notice. They looked only at the woman

who sat on a mound of heaped-up straw covered with a man's mantle. She was but a girl, and her eyes were bluer than the night and so deeply loving and wise, her face was so infinitely tender and sweet as she looked down at the child in her arms that she looked like an angel. Her fair hair gleamed, for the white veil had fallen back on her shoulders; she was robed in white. The baby was little and delicate and very beautiful, and a fluff of fair soft down misted its small round head. Unconsciously the shepherds knelt within the entrance to the cave. The lamb slipped from Judah's shoulder, pattered across the cave and thrust its woolly head against the young mother's knee. She smiled and looked up. From beside her a grave and dignified man in the coarse dress of an artisan came forward and saluted them.

"We came to see—Him," stammered Abraham, a little abashed by the serious face and deep kindly eyes of the stranger.

"Ye are welcome," said the man, and turned back to the girl. "Mary, these are come to look upon the Child. Come, friends," he said to the shepherds.

They went into the cave, treading softly as in a holy place. Isaac furtively slipped off his shoes and Miriam drew her veil a little further over her face. Only Judah remained behind, his eyes riveted as by a spell on the child's face.

Asah went first, as became the eldest of all his tribe, carrying a pair of white doves. He had bought them for the temple, but the Messiah was more important. The child stretched out his little hands for the startled white wings. Asah retreated, blushing with joy and confusion. One by one the others followed and laid their gifts in the straw at Mary's feet. Kneeling in adoration they did not notice that Judah did not come, any more than they noticed the three richly clad strangers who knelt in the shadows at the side of the cave.

But Judah had seen them, and though he did not know them he realized that they were great and rich men. Their robes were travel-stained but splendid. And the presents they had brought! In the straw at the feet of the mother was the gleam of fine gold, to his nostrils came strange rich odors of costly incense. Judah was fiercely proud; he was proud of the glorious past of his people, proud of the line of descent that rang like noble music, a line starred with illustrious names, rich with tales of bravery and supreme piety, of sacrifice and glory. And now . . . He looked at the cup in his hand and despised it. A descendant of kings, this was his gift to the Son of God! He flung it away in anger; it rolled to the

bank of the murmuring spring that sparkled crystalline at the foot of the rock and fell in with a tiny splash. He did not care, he stood there with clenched hands, burning with impotent fury and shame. He did not dare go in now, empty-handed. He looked longingly at the child and its mother. The holy peace that breathed from the two faces as they turned to each other had awakened strange new tenderness and gentleness in his soul. But his pride would not let him enter the cave.

How soft and sweet the baby looked—it was like a little rosebud snuggling against the mother rose. And its tiny curling hands, its soft pinky fingers . . . It would be long, he thought, before they could wield a sword and redeem Israel. Just now the babe cared only for its mother. Its mother—Judah's eyes narrowed. Under the white robe her shoulders were shaking a little. Of course it was cold in the cave, even with the kine's warm breath. The night was cold. He did not care; he was a man, and hardy. But the girl, so young as she was and so tender . . . he realized that the blue garment folded about the babe must be her own mantle. He looked at the bent fair head again, at the sweet young face, and his drooping shoulders straightened. He turned and was off like a flying arrow.

He was young and strong, the fleetest runner of his tribe, and so he was hardly breathed when he reached the encampment and made for his tent. The bundle of skins was hung up in a corner. He snatched it and rummaged hastily through it, selecting the finest, softest skins, tossing the others ruthlessly aside. Leaving them in disorder he sped back to the cave.

He arrived a little out of breath. The three kingly strangers were mounting their kneeling camels. As Judah entered the cave the unwieldy beasts were lurching to their feet.

His fellows were still there. The baby was opening and closing its tiny hands and looking at them as if wondering what they were. Judah went to the dignified man in the artisan's dress, who stood leaning on his staff, and gave him the lambs' skins. The man thanked him with grave courteous words and laid some of the pelts about Mary's shoulders. She smiled mistily at the young shepherd, and he felt his eyelids sting.

Now she was looking up at the man. "I am so thirsty, Joseph." Her voice was very low, very gentle. Her husband took up a gourd and started for the door, but Judah was before him. "Let me—"

He slipped out and went to the spring. There was the cup, a gleam of metal in the crystal water. He fished it out, polished it carefully on his

(Continued on page 33)

François Villon

ROSE FRANCES KEEGAN, '35

"Necessity drives men astray, and hunger goads
wolves snarling from the wood."—*Villon.*

IN his own words he was "neither altogether foolish nor altogether wise." Nothing that we can say of him will be more true and more complete than that. Our difficulty is in understanding wherein he was foolish and wherein he was wise. The good will say, no doubt, that his sins were his folly, but without them he would, perhaps, have starved and that would scarcely have been wisdom. He lived in a hard age and a bleak one. For the poor of Paris, to which he belonged, there was little choice in the matter of obtaining a living. Honest work was not only hard but difficult to find. It was natural that to Villon and his companions, physically and morally and spiritually worn out by years of starvation and suffering, it seemed easier to revert to the tricks of cheating and stealing which necessity had taught them in their infancy.

His good mother, no doubt, had high hopes of his becoming somewhat respectable when she brought him to live with the kind priest, Guillaume Villon. So, too, perhaps, had that holy man. But at this time, the poet was twelve years of age, and, being a fifteenth century gutter-snipe, was fully matured. His loyalty to his former companions never wavered and, though he remained at the home of his foster-father and attended the schools, he never forgot his friends, passing happy hours in the taverns and brothels; nor was he forgotten by them. It is rather more a pity than a disgrace that he remained thus loyal and spent as much time as he could among these jovial rogues, leading them in all their deviltry and ribaldry. It may be to his discredit that he associated with such villains, but it must always be to his credit that he never once betrayed or forsook them in their need.

Much of his poetry concerns this company of thieves and cutthroats. Almost every one of them is remembered in the *Grant Testament.* A number of them have inspired shorter verses on their relations with the poet. Perhaps the most amusing of these is a short poem, whimsically called A Prayer for the Soul. In this Villon calls upon Noë, who planted

the vine, and Lot, who drank in the Grotto, to help the soul of his friend, Jehan Cotart, an amiable sot:

> Often have I seen him stagger and reel, having drink taken, when he went home to bed; and once, indeed, I saw him bang his head,—well I remember it—against a butcher's stall. In brief, you could not find anywhere in this world a better bottle-whacker, soaking early and late. Allow him, Lords, to enter, when you hear a bellow from the soul of the late good Master Jehan Cotart!

Villon, here, is a trifle cynical and not a little irreverent, yet no one can doubt the sincerity of his affection for the departed drunkard, from whose grasp "no one could ever get the pot."

Only once in his writings and probably not much more often in his heart did the unfortunate poet regret his associations with these scoundrels. He says, then, in part, "Dear God! had I but heeded my books—and given some thought to my good conduct, I might have had my own house, and a soft bed to lie on! But Lord! I fled the Schools like a naughty child.—As I write this my heart is like to break." Even here, when remorse and melancholy possess him he lays no blame upon any but himself. Not even in thought could he be disloyal.

Yet these companions of his wickedness were not the sole recipients of Villon's devotion. Throughout his all-too-short life his love and affection for his aged mother and for his foster-father never waned. For his mother he wrote his most famous of all the ballades, *The Ballade to Our Lady*. She is truly, the "Poor Christian," "a pitiful poor woman, shrunk and old and nothing learned in letter-lore." Of that other, the kind priest who was his father, teacher, benefactor, and protector, we read in the *Grant Testament:*

> Item, to Guillaume de Villon,—
> (My more than father, who indeed
> To me more tenderness hath shown
> Than mothers to the babes they feed;
> Who me from many a scrape hath freed
> And now of me hath scant liesse),—
> I do entreat him bended-kneed,
> He leave me to my present stress.

It is to this good man's everlasting honor that he did not, on any occasion, leave his scapegrace foster-child to any "stress."

To complete the picture of the character of Villon it must be mentioned that this "debauched ruffian, whose companions were blackguards and trulls," had within him a very real and vital faith, learned first from his mother and never once lost or betrayed completely. Time and again, in his verses, we find passages that bespeak a true, spontaneous, religious fervor and devotion, as when in his *Ballade to Our Lady* he addresses the Virgin, majestically:

> Lady of heaven and earth, and therewithal
> Crowned empress of the nether clefts of hell.

And again in his *Ballade of the Hanged* he reveals a simple faith in the potency of prayer and efficacy of contrition, on his appeal to his fellow men on behalf of the hanged:

> Men, for God's love, let no gibe here be said,
> But pray to God that He forgive us all.

Nowhere does the poignant sincerity of this poem live for us more vividly than in the tragic, shuddering lines describing the bodies of the hanged. The grotesque, macabre scene appears before us—the bodies drenched by the rain, dried and blackened by the sun; birds of prey have plucked out the eyes, snatched off beard and brows. The swinging figures are animated by a dreadful restlessness as they are carried back and forth by the changing winds. In this and a few more of Villon's poems do we find strongly manifested that virtue of great poetry which Aristotle called "the high and excellent seriousness."

Thus, scattered throughout all his works are indications of his loyalty to those things which seemed to him important enough to deserve his devotion. If his allegiances were misplaced or of no practical value it is merely another tragedy to burden him already oppressed with too much sorrow.

In his verses to the "prince of sweet songs made out of tears and fire," Swinburne sums this up neatly:

> Shame soiled thy song,
> And song assoiled thy shame,
> But from thy feet
> Now death has washed the mire.

STEREOPTICON

The air
Sharp cut like diamonds,
Shop windows bright;
Urchins gazing with bewitched eyes
At spectacle of feasting, warmth, and toys;
Clear, joyous greetings,
Hurried tramp of feet,
Holly, spruce, and mistletoe;
Gay packages and silver cord—
Tinseled merry-making.

But some remember—
And steal away
To churches where incense fills the air;
Candles gleam
From altars ghostly in the dark.
From reverent hearts
Rise fervent prayers,
Gold, frankincense, myrrh,
To the Child
Who this day came to earth.

Frances McLoughlin, '38.

A New World of Materials

MADELINE LARKIN, '36

THE creating of new materials and the molding of old ones into new forms and new uses have brought opportunity for fusing beauty with utility in the modern style.

Chromium, a crumbly grayish stuff, is worthless alone, but mixed with other metals it adds a toughness which makes them all but indestructible. Some time ago a few chromium steel plates on top of the Chrysler building, exposed in all sorts of weather, were sent to the laboratory for examination. Not one particle of rust or corrosion had appeared. The plates on the gleaming Chrysler Tower and the Empire State building are made of the same metal alloy as kitchen sinks, milk cans, plate ware and even beer barrels. Plating with chromium on baser and more corrosive metals gives them a hard, durable finish. Copper coated with chromium will not turn green, silver will not tarnish and iron will not rust. Platinum jewelry is often given a chromium wash to keep it from turning dark and render it scratch proof.

A new process of sand-blast etching on stainless steel was shown at the Chicago Fair, which holds countless decorative possibilities. So far it has only been used in elevator door panels, but the next few years may see screens, sideboards and foyer halls in our homes adorned with it.

Bakelite was an entirely new basic material invented by Dr. L. H. Baekeland in 1907. It was first adapted by an electrical company because of its high insulating power. Then the automotive industry took it up and nearly all gears and many other machine parts are made of bakelite. It was years before anybody thought of beautification. Now bakelite takes many forms: clear like glass, cloudy like amber, mottled like marble, and heavy, black and opaque. Our homes are strewn with bakelite objects which are non-inflammable, unaffected by water, alcohol, lighted cigarettes and most ordinary acids. Half the end-tables in the world seem to have bakelite tops, and it is becoming the classic material for trays, bars, kitchen shelves, wainscoting, radio panels, refrigerators and radiator covers. Recently the Simmons people even turned out a bakelite bed.

There are other plastics besides bakelite. Vinylite is a by-product of calcium carbide made of marble and coal. The Union Carbide exhibit at the Chicago Fair had a whole house practically made of vinylite: floors,

walls, doors, kitchen, bathroom, and most of the furniture. Even the windowpanes were vinylite; for like bakelite, it can be made opaque or transparent.

However, metals alone do not tell the whole story. Recently the Bethlehem Steel Corporation investigated a new kind of concrete which weighs only about one-third as much as ordinary concrete. This new material called aerocrete, the fruit of many years of experiment begun in Sweden, is demonstrated in such contrasting structures as the forty-story Terminal Tower building in Cleveland, the Eastman Kodak Company's office in Rochester and the Town House Apartment building in New York. This Town House makes purely decorative use of another material, new to the building craft, glass brick. The brick is built into colorful panels in the tower of the structure, and electric bulbs within the tower cause the panels to glow at night like huge jewels.

Glass is a coming material. In addition to a variety of new window glasses, there are glass shingles used as roofing for studios and penthouses, and glass panels used in ceilings and walls to cover concealed lighting. One of the greatest contributors to this new movement has been Lalique, with his gateways, doors, windows and mantels all done in glass. Copper is another substance in which the modern spirit has been working. Recently the modernistic architects of Germany adopted it as material for walls.

What chromium and bakelite have been to modern form, cellulose products have been to fabrics. In 1908 a Swiss chemist in France, searching for a surface that would defy dust, developed a process for the diverting of viscose into thin transparent sheeting. The French called it "cellophane." "Cello" comes from cellulose, meaning the skeleton of all living matter, and "phane" from a Greek word meaning transparent.

Cellophane is laminated with cloth to form garment bags, slip covers for furniture, and window curtains. Woven cellophane, the latest development, has added at least a dozen new fabrics to the decorator's repertory. There are weaves suitable for upholstering furniture and even rugs can be woven from it. Weaving and designing cellophane fabrics is a whole art and science in itself. A mass of it was used in a singularly spectacular fashion in the sets of the Gertrude Stein opera, "Four Saints in Three Acts." It had never before been made into palm trees and clouds, nor had its texture under lighting effects been so interestingly dramatized.

These new metals, plastics and cellulose products have invaded every phase of life, greatly influencing decoration and design, our homes and living.

A Pioneer in Self-Expression

ROSE FRANCES KEEGAN, '35

IT is difficult to say, with any amount of assurance, what is to be Rockwell Kent's place in American art and letters. In his own age he has achieved an enviable measure of success and his fame as a writer and, more especially, as an artist is almost world-wide. Future ages may exalt him as one who far outdistanced his predecessors and contemporaries; or, they may remember him as a pioneer in a movement toward a higher form of self-expression. It is not easy for us, who are so close to him in time, to appreciate his real position. We can, however, be fairly certain of this: his fame is, to some extent, assured by the excellence of his performance. Unless the generations to come differ from all others, fundamentally, Mr. Kent will always appeal to a large and varied audience.

As an author Mr. Kent has developed a very simple, yet, withal, very effective technique. He is at all times truthful and sincere. One feels that he does not have to romance because, he is so well able to tell the most ordinary event in such a way as to achieve an effect unsurpassed by the cleverest imaginings. Nor does he find it necessary to dramatize events; rather he eliminates from his main idea all the irrelevancies, leaving it alone, clear, and impressive, a startling and honest word-picture. He writes, always, subjectively of his own experiences but he successfully avoids the excruciating results of those "Freudian Yahoos," the subjective authors of our modern literature, who persist in elaborating on grim detail even to the general detriment of their works. Kent escapes their error, perhaps because he lacks their conventional morality, but, more probably, because he possesses a rare amount of delicacy and restraint. He tells everything yet succeeds in keeping the "inmost me behind the veil" and he is, therefore, always stimulating and never cloying. In this manner he has written three books: *Wilderness,* in which he gives an account of his trip to Alaska and his life there; *Voyaging,* which tells of his adventures on a journey to Terra Del Fuego; and *N by E,* which relates the events of his visit to Greenland. These may well be called adventure tales, not because of

anything startling that happens in them, but because of the spirit in which they were written. He has a breath-taking joy in living.

Mr. Kent's last book, *Rockwellkentiana,* is entirely different from these others. This is a collection of "few words and many pictures" by the author-artist. The "few words" consist of essays and letters, some of which are published nowhere else. These throw interesting light upon a number of the controversies which rage about Mr. Kent. The most interesting of these is "An Introduction to an Advertising Annual" in which Kent calmly, if a trifle bitterly, damns the industry of which many think he, himself, is a part. He adds a footnote to the effect that the "Introduction" was never accepted for publication. The book contains numerous other selections, interesting for their content or their import. The "many pictures" are reproductions of some of the best things that Rockwell Kent has executed. All the media that he employs are represented; there are woodcuts, lithographs, pen and pencil drawings, oils, water-colors and engravings. All of them are well printed and valuable in gaining an idea of the excellent artistry of Kent. However, they lack, particularly the paintings, which suffer in reproduction, the touch of genius which marks the originals.

In the past few years Mr. Kent has become better known as an illustrator of books rather than as a writer of them. Besides his own books he has illustrated Voltaire's *Candide,* Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales,* Melville's *Moby Dick* and a number of others. In all he has succeeded in capturing the spirit of the book itself. The illustrations are individual; each one is carefully done and each one cleverly interprets or supplements some passage from the book in which it is found. The artist is so sensitive to the meaning of the author that his interpretation is at one with it. The illustrations are so subtly suited to the books that there is, for example, as much difference between the ones found in *Moby Dick* and those in *Canterbury Tales* as there is between the books themselves. There is only the superb quality of Kent's artistry as a common bond among them.

For the rest, Mr. Kent's works may be seen in the leading art galleries and museums in the country. Private collectors have had the good judgment to gather unto themselves as many of them as possible, yet there are quite a few on exhibition in public or semi-public galleries. These it is worth while seeking out and remembering.

This is not, by any means, a complete estimate of Rockwell Kent; nor is it meant to be one. It is merely one person's opinion of his writings, illustrations, and other works of art. It is biased, certainly, because it is

impossible to know Mr. Kent's work, however little, and remain passive to it. If it neglects a great deal that is Kent at his best, it does so because many museum exhibits remain more or less inaccessible to us. Therefore, it is concerned, mainly, with the numerous contributions to culture which Mr. Kent has placed within easy reach of all of us: his books and illustrations. It is written, finally, in the hope that some who do not know him may be moved to learn about him, and that some who know and enjoy him may be pleased by another's tribute to his genius.

SNOWFALL

I

How lovely!
How quiet and peaceful—
this trudging
through unbroken snow.

II

Snow is most beautiful
when newly fallen.
But soon an intruder passes,
leaving his footmarks
in one clear line,

III

Love is like a footfall in newly fallen snow . . .

Angeline Leibinger, '38.

The Significance of Cranberries

MARY J. LAVIN, '36

EVERY Christmas I undergo a metamorphosis. The least unexpected thing causes it; sometimes the first glimpse of snow on a chimney top, or the first glittering array of tinsel in Woolworth's; yes, even the sight of an anemic Salvation Army Santa Claus in overshoes. But whatever the cause, it always succeeds in transforming me from a nondescript human being to an archangel, a slightly damaged one to be sure, but an archangel nevertheless.

This year it happened quite uniquely. I was walking down the street feeling very cynical about life because all the glorious red autumn leaves had disappeared, or maybe it was because my feet were cold. Suddenly a childish voice attracted my attention.

"Mummy," came the jubilant cry, "It's Christmas! Lookit the cranberries!"

I looked up hopefully. Lo, there in front of me, flanked on either side by a distinguished guard of spinach and turnips reposed a vivid array of luscious red cranberries, at nineteen cents a pound! With a sigh of bliss I closed my eyes. I had caught the Christmas spirit at nineteen cents a pound! *Quantum mutatus!* An air of exaltation filled my heart and overflowed all about me. The wind began to run through the trees, singing, "Come and see the cranberries, come and see the cranberries." I, too, would have burst into song and raced gayly down the street if I had not felt such conduct to be unbecoming to one raised to the dignity of an archangel. I managed to satisfy my exuberant spirit by feasting my eyes on the delectable cause of my spiritual regeneration. At this point a tragedy almost occurred. A capable looking woman with, I felt sure, none of the Christmas spirit in her, was engaging in a spirited discussion with the grocer.

"But are you sure these cranberries are good?" she was insisting.

Before going she turned to me in a confiding way.

"You know," she began, "whenever I buy cranberries I always feel as though I had caught the Christmas spirit."

Sensing a kindred soul I smiled at her benignly. Here, indeed, was an archangel who wasn't even slightly damaged.

Meminisse Juvabit

KATHLEEN SHEEHAN, '35

ALL my life the mystery of the unreal and far-away has kept "a bower quiet" for me. Never once has drab reality gnawed at my heart strings, but I could don the silver slippers of Mercury and rise from the earth as if on wings. In my earliest days "escape" meant golden November afternoons on a high brownstone stoop with a little girl old enough to command my respect yet not too old to scorn me. For hours on end she used to weave fabulous, gossamer stories, with superb art and frequent insertions of impossible details. My favorite story was "Blue Beard." Knowing the delicious horror she could call up in me, this little girl would dwell on its most blood-thirsty aspects. When aroused by efficient neighbors who were intent upon my "getting some sun," I would experience a swift realization of the necessity of wiping all traces of the emotions fired by her genius from my face, smile feebly and reluctantly leave. She had such magic; she knew Peter Pan, all the Water Babies, talking trees, swans that changed to maidens in the moonlight, all manner of mermaids and mermen, dwarfs, gnomes, cruel stepmothers, pathetic chimney-sweeps and countless, absurd unrealities.

Hans Anderson, Grimm, Gulliver and Robinson Crusoe all took me by the hand and led me through wonderful vistas of unreality during the first eight or nine years of my life. People today claim that so much terror and unreality frightens children and warps their minds, but I am more inclined to agree with Plato's plan for his ideal children: "They should be taught what is literally false in order that they may learn what is spiritually true." There is not the slightest doubt in my mind that these stories formed the pleasantest and most exciting moments of my early childhood. That they did me any harm I will not admit. Children fail to see the grossness in the cruel stepmother's behavior; for them Blue Beard's nine wives strung up in a row is not a gory spectacle. They do not see the actual; they merely perceive their glorified concept of it. I prefer to experience countless shudders for Ali Baba hiding in the oil cask rather than miss the excitement of his subsequent escape.

Later on, my "Open Sesame" was "Alice in Wonderland." Even now I rejoice at the remembered ridiculousness of the cardboard queen, the mad hatter and the cat who growled when he was pleased and wagged his tail when he was angry. At this time I met Dickens, and with him I traveled through London and Paris during the most stirring years of the French Republic. His "Child's History of England" was colorful and pleasing to me. (I was not yet aware of its imperfections.) Here I met my favorite character of history—the tragic, noble Mary, Queen of Scots. With R. L. Stevenson I lived "three to the minute" on the treacherous waters of the Oise or ate "eggs *à la papier*" at a roadside canal. Occasionally I found tragic people like the Brontë sisters or very creepy people like Harriet Beecher Stowe. I mourned with them and was saddened by the sufferings they depicted. But I was enriched by a feeling of sympathy for a world wherein suffering existed though it had not yet penetrated through my dream-world to me. At this time, too, I read "Lavender and Old Lace" and "The Shepherd of the Hills." These two books press upon my mind as the odor of dying violets presses upon the senses. They cry out for remembrance. They are pale anemones in a garden of incense-breathing roses and tragic heavy melon flowers.

And then there was poetry. Poetry remembers, too. The essence of all the beauty of all the world is preserved in Tennyson's "Idylls." The stories of King Arthur, Elaine, Iseult are all compelling tales, never to grow old. I can still see Guinevere mourning her Lancelot in a little chapel by the sea:

> I had not thought of him as old.
> This hurt me most; his sword hand could not hold
> Even the cross upon the sacking-fold.
> He, once so ringing glad among the spears,
> Lies where the rabbit browses with drop't ears. . . .

A little later I met good Æneas and all his train of sorrowing comrades. With him I built a splendid, powerful nation on the foundations of sorrow and frustration—Troy burning, radiant Dido lying dead, and tearful Lavinia promised to a Trojan prince. *Sunt lacrimæ verum.* Here was Vergil, landscape-lover, majestic in his sadness, mirroring for us in his two thousand year old verses, all the inevitable conflict of mortal men.

But all my poets had not drunk from the "Fountain of Tears." The robust Elizabethans sang the loveliness of transient beauty, more exquisite because it is ever-fleeing:

What is love? It is not hereafter
Present mirth hath present laughter. . . .

Richard Lovelace (I've always admired his name) is light-hearted, gay and yet a little more tender than his contemporaries. What young romantic could fail to be moved by:

I could not love thee, dear, so much
Loved I not honour more. . . .

The key to a lifetime, the touchstone of a century is in the ringing line, "Loved I not honour more." Then one day I discovered Shelley, the treader of the skies, the ethereal, the wonderful singer. Would clouds be more than clouds, if I had never heard:

From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof I hang like a roof
The mountains its columns be . . . ?

What beautiful, lofty thoughts, his beautiful singing lines could conjure up. His light touch on the lyre sets "all the winds with melody a-ringing."

I shall always remember spacious days spent with the poets. They have a mood for every mood of mine. They have a way of catching the loveliness of all things and preserving it for all time in a crystalline cabinet of words. Only a little while ago I discovered Robinson's "Tristram." It is filled with austere beauty and brilliant phrasing. Iseult of the white hands and sea-gray eyes, Iseult of the dark hair, and Tristram, Prince of Lyonesse, are exquisite, golden companions. They will never leave me; always I shall see "white birds flying everywhere." I will never change my poets of the misted, dream-hung world for any actualities. Always their lovely, quiet wings have folded peace around me. I am never really free of their enchantment, nor would I ever wish to be.

When he left you again there were stars in the way
Of his eyes, and he wandered alone
In a dream that would mock him for many a day
With a music unheard and unknown.

Sometimes the ancient masters, companions of my earlier days, seem closer than the moderns; I seem to listen for them more eagerly. But perhaps my imagination endows them with an all-suffusing light mellow-

ness; and now my mind is too warped with reality to perceive the fragility of the unreal. Perhaps it is in retrospect only that my dream-people are clothed in shining light. Some day, I may long for my world of today. "Perhaps these things, too, shall be remembered with gladness."

MARY'S LULLABY

LAY Thy small head upon my breast,
Jesus mine!
The hour has come for Thy rest,
Child divine!

Heavenly choirs
Proclaim Thy might
But my arms shelter Thee
From the night.

While the stars hang low
And the Heavens ring
To Thee, my Dream,
My Son, I sing.

The stars flame higher
And night winds blow,
Thy eyelids droop!
And Thy breath comes slow.

The night goes by
With swift alarms.
God's Son is safe
Within my arms.

Genevieve Wright, '37.

Juliet

MARY J. LAVIN, '36

> This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
> May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.

THE charm of Juliet's character lies in its delicate flexibility. Shakespeare has not given us a heroine modeled in a definite outline, but rather one whose soul opens like a flower to love, and sorrow and death. She comes to us the child "trailing clouds of glory" and as the play progresses they weave around her a kind of glamourous enchantment. Yet with it all, to have known her is to have had an insight into the very core of human life.

Shakespeare achieves this because he realizes the importance of experience in the moulding of character.

The docile Juliet of the first scene demurely telling her mother, "I'll look to like, if looking liking move," scarcely prepares us for the tender throbbing girl of the balcony scene, carried away by the passion of first love, but retaining a simplicity utterly charming in its naturalness. In that scene we first realize the clay from which she is molded. How naïvely she tells her Romeo:

> O if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
> I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay
> So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.

In all those natural little arts and graces she displays, in that straightforward giving ardor of hers, there is a certain nobility. Her creator has gathered together innumerable richly colored threads and has woven them into a unified whole with his subtle touch. That subtle touch is the magic of Shakespeare's poetry which deftly transfers us from one mood to another as Juliet speaks. She literally talks her way into our hearts, because the aspects of her character are as variable as the inconstant moon of which she speaks. Having known Juliet, we can appreciate the fineness of Dr. Bradley's criticism when he says of Shakespeare's characters, "You feel that if they were alive and you spent your whole life with them . . . they would continue every day to surprise, perplex, and delight you." This is true of no one more than of Juliet, for after charm-

ing us with her playful teasing of Romeo she surprises and delights us by growing suddenly grave with,

> But trust me gentleman, I'll prove more true
> Than those that have more cunning to be strange.

Though the childlike simplicity of Juliet gives her character, beauty and charm, it is the womanly strength which gives it richness and depth. The child may be carried away by the power of her emotion but the woman is not carried away by its swiftness.

> It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;
> Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
> Ere one can say, "It lightens."

These lines also awaken a dim sense of foreboding, the first shadow of the impending tragedy. Yet Juliet dismisses the fear almost as swiftly as it arises. It is only because she realizes the tremendous significance of her love that she trembles for the future.

> My bounty is as boundless as the sea
> My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
> The more I have, for both are infinite.

Here we have the peak of her womanhood. It is only the recollection of the artifices of society which make her fear she is "too fond." Deep in her heart she has a wiser knowledge and she gives it utterance.

Juliet possesses the mind and heart of the woman, but she has about her the freedom and spirit of delight of the maiden. Probably in no other scene does this spirit of delight and enchantment so enfold her, than in the one where she breathes forth her eager thoughts in that exquisite soliloquy, "Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds." How like a young sprite she is as she playfully coaxes,

> Come, gentle night, come loving black-browed night,
> Give me my Romeo, and when he shall die
> Take him, and cut him out in little stars
> And he will make the face of heaven so fine
> That all the world will be in love with night
> And pay no worship to the garish sun.

It is not difficult to understand how a mind of such luxuriant imagery could in a moment turn from rapture to despair. Shakespeare has achieved a powerful dramatic effect by endowing Juliet with such warmth of fancy. Like a vivid poppy on a slender stem, swayed by the violence of the wind, she is swayed by the torrent of her emotions. Yet the poppy is not uprooted. It is made of sterner stuff. In one moment Juliet can cry out,

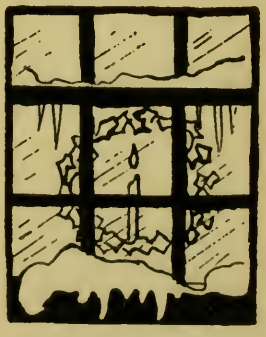
> O, serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!
> Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?

and in the next, her tender heart, aroused by the nurse's chiding can answer,

> Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth they name,
> When I, thy three-hours wife have mangled it.

It is the vivid contrast presented in this scene which makes for the wholeness of characterization. Shakespeare with the true insight of the artist has skillful blending of light and shade in his portrait. As a result Juliet glows with the warmth of reality. It is this same balanced contrast which rounds out the characters of Portia and Lady Macbeth and it is the absence of this quality which leaves Ophelia fragile and ineffectual.

Even though she is capable of such impatience of spirit, in the time of her greatest crisis, she keeps her poise. The unexpected tyranny of her father, the sternness of her mother, and the treachery of the nurse have fallen on her in one blow, yet outwardly she is unmoved and ironically remarks that they have comforted her "marvelous much." After this Juliet is alone, and it is not until the scene where her vivid imagination conjures up pictures of "bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth," that the horror of it overcomes her. Here she is the frightened wild bird aware of nothing but the inescapable barrier that surrounds her. Yet, the trembling child that drinks the potion in her room, filled with doubts and fears, awakens calmly to the tragedy of the tomb,



O comfortable friar, where is my lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am.

Truly the unfolding of Juiet's character is like the flowering of a delicate bud. The petals open and a delicate fragrance is breathed from the heart of the flower. A thing of beauty emerges that will never pass into nothingness.

THE SONG OF BEAUTY

I AM the fresh green bark you find
On trees; the faint perfume brought to the hills
Of unshorn mountains by the daffodils;
The yellow shining hay the farmers bind for cows,
And my eyes are very wide in pools
Of faery woodlands; and I sound
Like silvery bells that ring within the ground
Where glassy pebbles glow, and seedlings are.
Shelley found me in the fleet and piercing wind
In the autumn when the dead leaves blow;
Keats found me in the nightingale whose song is sweet,
In summer when the rich wines flow;
And every poet finds me,
And I am more than worldly gain,
In the snowdrift, in the river,
In the sunshine, and the rain.

Rita Morris, '36.

In The Chill December

CATHERINE HOLMBERG, '38

"MOTHER Mary, help me." Where had that thought come from? A vision, isolated and solitary, arose in his mind: his hands clasped together by a tall, sweet woman who called him "little son" and urged him to say the words with her. But no other memory linked Dub to the life before his days in the orphanage; except, perhaps, a string of Rosary beads which had hung for years on his iron bedstead without significance.

"If I could only get a job." But it was of no use. The one coin in his pocket jingled against the cross of the Rosary. People who were rushing past, laden with bundles in shopping-day quantity, gave him no sympathetic glances. They looked at him intolerantly and jostled past.

At the corner of the street, with the ironic background of a department store display of Christmas cheer in a comfortable living-room, the slight figure bent and shook with coughing. When the spell passed, he looked dizzily about. A swell of pity and commiseration showed in the eyes of the Sister sitting in the shelter of a canopy. Dub had often seen her there, in the chill December, on the busy corner with a box before her, mutely entreating man to "share and share alike." Now those eyes were turned on him with a message of infinite consolation. Into the begging-box went his single coin, and Dub's ugly face looked down toward the Sister.

"Say a prayer for me, please." Involuntarily his lips had voiced a subconscious need of divine relief. The strangeness of that request surprised him, and he started away across the street.

"Preserve us, O Lord," began the hooded figure in black and white. Then she heard the grind of brakes.

A careless truck driver had commissioned himself Dub's angel of mercy.

The Fifth Avenue Bus

ELIZABETH ZANGLE, '35

A FRIEND and I boarded one of the green buses at Riverside Drive near Grant's Tomb. Climbing the winding steps, we were lurched back and forth with a very real risk to life and limb, but we managed to reach a seat on the roof.

It was almost too good to be true. Stretching before us was the river—the majestic, blue Hudson, with Jersey's smoke-stacked, hazy shores on the other side. The sun beat down upon us and upon the carefree New Yorkers of all ages and stations who strolled along the Drive. I felt excessively happy, and admired with absurdly extravagant altruism everything I could see. Lifting my face skyward, I felt the wind blowing my hair back, and the sun warm upon my cheeks. This phenomenon inspired me to a profound remark—something to the effect of feeling like an Egyptian (or was it Babylonian?) sun-worshiper.

We were now at 103rd Street. I glanced around and saw the Roerick Museum. Still vivacious, and now very enthusiastic about my "See New York First!" idea, I exclaimed with great emphasis, "I *must* go to the Roerick Museum some day. They have some awfully interesting Russian pictures, some one told me." At this point, a gust of the wind which I had been praising a moment before whisked my hat from my head and sailed it lightly and swiftly through space.

A suddenly disspirited sun-worshiper, I sprang to my feet and made an uncertain movement toward the stairs, but the bus was bumping along at a steady pace, and a forceful jerk caused me to drop my purse. It opened and scattered handkerchiefs, fountain pen, glasses, powder and lipstick upon the floor. My friend and I began a frantic scramble to pick up these articles, which were rolling and blowing about very disconcertingly, while at the same time we tried, against heavy odds, to maintain our balance.

When at last we climbed off the bus, we were at 108th Street,—five long blocks from the scene of the crime. We searched every inch of the way, but not a sign of my little felt hat, with its feather curling lovingly around it, could we discover. To the end of my days I shall carry with me that disheartening memory—the last glimpse of my little hat lodged momentarily on the curb, a little brown felt bump on the face of the earth, seen from a bus over a rapidly increasing distance.

Lulu's Lapses

OR

I Lived This Story

(Reprinted from *Splintered Heart's Quarterly*)

ANNE TIERNEY, '35

Volume I: *Passion Flower.*

Eternity was her name, eternity was in her eyes, but her friends called her Lulu. Her hair was the yellow of ripe pears, her eyes blue as Concord grapes, her mouth like the inside of a pomegranate—a fruity gal. Gus was a nice clean-cut fella. Married at twenty, Gus looked forward to their golden wedding anniversary. Was this life? Home every evening reading a book before the gas logs. How lucky she was! He'll never run after other women! Lulu clenched her hands till the knuckles poked through the skin. How dull, how maddeningly dull he was! Now he's going to try poetry on me!

"Listen to this, sweetie-pie:

> down in the wine vault underneath the city
> two old men were sitting they were drinking booze
> torn were their garments hair and beards were gritty
> one had an overcoat but hardly any shoes.

It goes on like that, but here's the tear-jerker. This'll slay you:

> in came a little tot for to kiss her granny
> such a little tot she could scarcely tottle
> saying Kiss me grandpa kiss your little nanny
> but the old man beaned her with a whisky bottle."

Lulu's soul shriveled up like a dried apple at his raucous laugh. Seizing bib and tucker, she dashed out into the snow.

Volume II: *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes.*

"I'm just a little tot, but I could go far with the right management," she reflected as she staggered through the drifts. Pausing for a moment, for breath, she clung to a lamp post. But it wasn't a lamp post. It was a City Slicker.

"Heh, heh, heh."

"Wrong again. That comes in the last chapter."

"Sorry. The clutch did it. They always clutch me when I'm foreclosing on the mortgage. Wilt tread a measure in some den of vice?"

"Sewer of iniquity to you. But you're taking a chance. The last man went home on crutches."

"I should worry about a broken leg. Pavlowa was nothing in my life. Carry on!"

Up and down
Up and down
Up and down

Dull fella, Gus. Bright people would go up and down, across, down and up.

"Lulu! Where've you been? What happened to you? I've been going nuts! How could you do such a thing to me?"

"I did it unconscious."

Volume III: *The Demon Rum.*

"What? Gallivanting around town! Tsk, tsk! Not home scraping carrots for hubbie's heavenly stew?"

"Cornelius! You here? What a small world!"

"Don't try too hard, Beautiful. Wouldst gasp a snifter?"

"Well . . ."

"Very well. Taxi! Alastor Bar!" Clink, swish, tinkle. "I saw stars, I heard a birdie sing—"

"Pink Lady for this scarlet woman, George!"

Home again, home again, jiggedy jig.

"Why, Gussie! The very ideeeea! I am not! HELP! You're mur-

dering me!" Bump, bump, bump, bump, thud. "Woe is me! woe, woe, woe, woe, whoa there Napoleon, I'm coming too!"

Snow, snow, snow, SNOW—nothing but snow and ice and frozen streets and ghosts of empty houses. Time stands still—waves of eternity roll over my tired feet, laving them in comfort, washing them in peace. Once again the clank of machinery announces the awakening of gray matter. Business at the old stand—aha!! So he would cast me off like an old shoe! Thrown aside like a sucked orange— . . . dot, dot, dot. Yeow! A scrawny cat made one tremendous leap out of my path, abandoning a juicy garbage pail. I stood rooted to the sidewalk, an icy hand squeezed my heart, my breath came in short pants. Was it blazoned on my forehead? Was I "that sort of woman?" Violent shudders tore me apart from head to foot. My slender frame heaved with heartbroken sobs. My childish lips quivered with the agony of my grief. I must think, cogitate, ponder—thoughtfully I sat down in the snow and considered the Categorical Imperative.

Volume IV: *J'y Suis, J'y Reste.*

When a woman ponders the imponderables—eh, bien! il faut prendre son bien où on le trouve. But what about my soul, bruised black and blue; what about my lacerated feelings—a bucket of *der Selbst Verneinung der willen* will never wash *that* away. Tenderly I took out my soul and examined it. Yes, there it was, one, indivisible, immortal, stippled with *Weltschmerg,* sodden with *Sturm und Drang.* Then she gazed with mingled emotions as the freezing air gradually transformed the limp tissue paper of it into starched chiffon. Eureka! The riddle of the universe solved, ten thousand aching hearts at rest this very night. This night? This very instant! A passing policeman paused for a curious glance at the snow maiden of Broadway. Lulu bit her lip and relaxed into a snowdrift.

Reader, be tolerant. L'amour est un tyran qui n'épargne personne. Eternity herself could not get off the horns of this dilemma. And there she was in a snow bed.

Figurez-vous—she had made her bed; let her lie on it.

Figurez-vous—this was no bed of orchids.

Figurez-vous—the tough time I'm having getting the heroine out of a snowdrift.

Volume V: *The Wages of Sin.*

Crash went her illusions! A familiar footstep greeted her ear as Gus tripped over a match stick.

"Why, Lulu! My little honeybun! It's a good thing I fell among you. Here's your glasses. You left them on the radiator."

"Thanks. I needed them. What's new in Wheatinaville?"

"You must have heard the joke on Mabel! She fell downstairs and swallowed her glass eye!"

"No! Not Mabel! That reminds me—have you had your teeth fixed?"

"Gussie's little crumbcake would think of that!"

She knit her brow. So! he still thinks of me as his toy, his chattel.

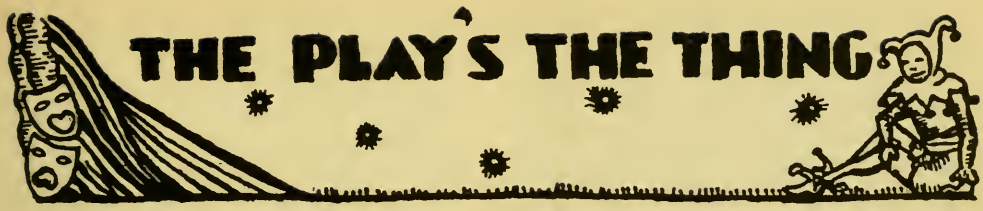
She curled her nose with disdain, but alas! the iron was too hot. Alas! alas! the face in the glass! The face the face the glass the glass the nose—back to your knitting, wench!

"Do I get my trip to Bermuda?"

"Bad for your soul. How long would that stiffening last there? No artificial preservatives for souls. Mabel's best beau gave me their passes for 'While Millions Boo.' Must I get me a blonde?"

"Gussie! You know I always loved you best! I just wanted to make you jealous. Hand me my fan."

Thrilling with joy she sprang up out of the snow. Four hours of pondering were too much for the old carcass. A sharp creak, a musical tinkle, and a thousand million slivers of ice lay scattered on the frozen ground. Wanton moonbeams glittered fitfully over the jewel-like fragments. A stiff flag of chiffon ensnared a ray in its folds.



THE DISTAFF SIDE

By John van Druten

It is unfortunate that the opening scenes of this comedy of women should be so strongly reminiscent of last season's *No More Ladies*. The rôle of the Victorian lady with the vocabulary and manners of twentieth century sophisticated society was too well interpreted by Lucile Watson to escape unfavorable comparison in this version of it. Towards the end of the first act, however, the play gathers speed, and succeeds in providing both food for thought and good entertainment.

The plot is composed of various upheavals on the distaff side of an upper class English family. The charming young English actress, Viola Keats, as Alex, the heroine, is faced with the knotty problem of whether to cultivate a producer's son, in order to promote her own career, or to "exist in some one else, for some one else,"—to fight out the battle at the side of a young playwright who has just won in the first tussle with life. Besides adding tremendously to the comic side of the play, the middle-aged female relatives, referred to as the "three old trouts," are a horrible example of what happens to the woman who lets Time ravage her face and figure.

The backbone and core of the entire play is, of course, Sybil Thorndike. Every moment of her presence on the stage recalls the tradition of the complete, dignified and gracious woman. Most satisfyingly does she portray the character of a woman in the later years of life who realizes herself, though outsiders do not, that her way of life is now not loneliness, but solitude, and that one's personality comes to its fullest flowering in the reflective life, after the personal life is over.

Booth Theatre.

A. Tierney.

VALLEY FORGE

By Maxwell Anderson

Anyone who had seen *Mary of Scotland* would expect a great deal of *Valley Forge*, not only in character portrayal but in power of story. Unfortunately, the George Washington we know, the George Washington Mr. Anderson has portrayed, is not a living personality but an ideal. The love theme which proved such a motivating force in *Mary of Scotland* is reduced, in *Valley Forge*, to a far-fetched and unessential episode.

To the patriotic among us, this play may represent a true picture of Washington, but to others who are less ardent, he seems "a glorified boy scout" F. P. A. humorously puts it:

"General George
At Valley Forge
Had no fun
With anyone."

Philip Merivale does the best he can with the stilted rôle of Washington, and

seldom experienced in the modern theatre is attained when the young duke stands, white and dazzling, on the parapet of madness and shrieks the *Marseillaise*, the victory hymn of his father.

Whatever we may say of Clemence Dane's tiresome rhyming couplets in Rostand's romantic drama, we are forced to admit that using it as a medium of expression Eva le Gallienne reaches the heights. If there is anything of divinity in this world surely she partakes of it.

Broadhurst.

K. Sheehan.

THE FARMER TAKES A WIFE

Adapted by Elser and Conelly from Edmond's Novel "Rome Haul"

Molly Larkins, played by June Walker, was born and bred on the "Great Canawl," as they say. Molly was cook for a certain boater, Jotham Klore, who was the bully and principal inebriate of the boaters. Sam Weaver, another hauler, who had known Molly since her childhood, took on a farm boy, Dan Harrow, as driver of his mules. Because of a disagreement, Molly left Jotham and signed with Sam Weaver as cook in his cabin.

Both Sam and Molly despise the new railroads that are sending trains through the Mohawk Valley. But Dan can see farther ahead and he knows that all the towpaths along the Big Ditch will be replaced by railroad tracks before long. He tries to tell Molly that a farm is a better investment than "Canawl" boats, but she will not agree with him. They finally quarrel and part. Molly continues to haul freight and Dan buys a big farm in the northern district.

Just before winter sets in and the men are going to the railroad camps, Molly and Dan meet again in Mrs. Hennessy's Hotel in Rome where Dan has come to see Sam Weaver about some mules that he wants to buy. The "Farmer takes a Wife" before the final curtain.

There are minor parts played by Margaret Hamilton as Lucy Gurget and Francis Pierlot as Sol Tinker which add to the natural charm of the play. As a whole the play is one of the most beautifully produced that has come to Broadway in a long time. Nothing has been missed. The producers have caught the spirit of the people with their clever presentation of actual life. The last detail, even to the white dust on the boaters' boots, has been remembered by them. As Alexander Woolcott so aptly put it, Mr. Conelly will henceforth be known as Mr. Canawlly.

46th Street Theatre.

R. Mackay.

DARK VICTORY

By Brewer and Bloch

Dark Victory captures the essence of drama in that the spectator travels far beyond his own life and actually lives in the action unfolding on the stage. But artistic restraint alone keeps this play from developing into a melodrama. Judith Traherne, played by Tallulah Bankhead, has ten months to live because of a tumor on the brain received after falling from a horse; and Dr. Steele, played by Earle Larrimore, deals the shattering blow to her future by telling her of it. She is a lonely girl; "she has been upon the mountain and left her friends below." But she falls in love with the doctor and he tells her that "your shadow shall be my shadow, and your victory over the darkness shall be my victory."

The production and the casting are excellent, but the presentation of the subject matter is not convincing. It is diffi-

cult to believe that a woman would send her husband on an emergency case and take all precautions so that he cannot be called to her side when she is dying. Like some predestined character in a Greek tragedy, Judith slowly and inevitably moves toward her doom. Having conquered life, she is ready for death. "We have had our fulfillment and this is our victory over fear."

Little Theatre.

C. Cronin.

MERRILY WE ROLL ALONG

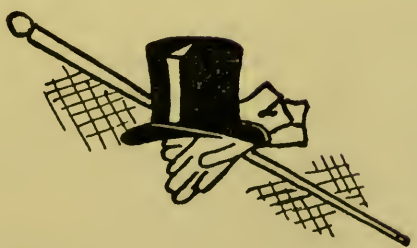
By Kaufman and Hart

Experiments are always interesting in themselves, but *Merrily We Roll Along* can be recommended as an all-too-short three hours of entertainment as well. Apart from the novelty gained by running off a play in reverse chronological order, there are other more fundamental elements which assure the success of this experiment. It is an adroitly executed psychological study, concentrating the attention upon the vital forces which have shaped the characters to the pattern in which they appear at the opening scene. As the play retrogresses, the authors take us through the stages of Richard Niles' life, from the fashionable, complacent playwright, who in a rare moment of honesty admits that he dare not look at himself. He is recalling the idealistic youth who stepped forth into life believing, "Value ideals above all else; wear proudly your shining armor; carry your banners high, never sully them."

By this method of presentation the audience is made more acutely aware of the interrelations of cause and effect in both personalities and situations than it could be in the conventional sequence. Very often a playwright must choose between leaving a bitter taste by a logical and tragic dénouement or banishing mood indigo by an artificial manipulation of events. In this play naturally and inevitably the action unfolds, accomplishing by brief, pointed scenes a comprehensive potpourri of modern theatrical circles.

Music Box.

A. Tierney.



(Continued from page 8)

sleeve and filled it at the very streamlet head. The three kingly strangers on their camels were melting into the purple distance, but Judah was not looking at them.

II

The mother sank down wearily on the chair by the stove. Her worn veined hands were trembling with fatigue as she wiped them on the faded and splattered apron. The oldest girl looked at her sympathetically. She was sixteen and already life pressed heavy on her thin shoulders. It was she who shared the mother's burden and she, largely, who managed the unpretentious housekeeping. Between the two was a comradeship all the deeper because unspoken. Between them they kept brushed and mended and somehow presentable the unspeakably shoddy fabric of their life for the eyes of the three younger children.

The house was an old-fashioned affair made over into a tenement. In the three-room flat the kitchen was the biggest room, the others were mere boxes. The two boys had gone to bed in one of the boxes hours ago; the youngest girl was in the other. The two boys slept together for warmth; the mother and the little girl slept together too. The oldest girl had a cot to herself in the kitchen. In the daytime it was decently disguised under a faded linen cover. Sometimes the cot creaked very loudly when she turned over, but the mother was always so tired that nothing could wake her, and the child slept soundly as children do.

The agent had never had a gas stove put in. Why bother? Only a needless expense, and the building hardly paid for itself anyway. So there was still the big fat comfortable old coal stove. Now it shone, and caught dull pools of light on its curving sides. The girl had polished it well while the mother peeled carrots and potatoes and onions for tomorrow's dinner. They had been working ever since the mother had come back from the tall deserted building where she swept offices and emptied wastebaskets. For tomorrow was Christmas.

It would be a happy Christmas, and quite prosperous (for them, be it understood). Dennis and Johnnie had brought home plenty of wooden boxes and discarded pieces from the lumber yard, so they had plenty of wood, and there was even an extra scuttle of coal. The little girl had picked up a stray bit of holly at the back door of a department store and

now, tied with a festive bit of red ribbon, it hung in the window—a window shining like crystal so that if the Child Jesus happened to be passing He could look right in and see that they were a Christian family, where He would be welcome.

That night, before the children went to bed, the oldest girl read to them out of Dickens' *Christmas Carol*. For the last few nights she had been reading it to them. The copy was old and had been bought in a secondhand bookstore years ago. The children had heard it over and over, and the mother had read it to the oldest girl when she was a child. But the texture and flavor of the story still delighted the small children. When the oldest girl absent-mindedly skipped a phrase, they shrieked protest. Their eyes grew rounder with anticipation as she came to the description of the Cratchits' Christmas dinner.

"There was never such a goose that said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by applesauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they hadn't ate it all at last! Yet everyone had had enough, and the youngest Cratchit in particular was seeped in sage and onions to the eyebrows!"

Even though they jumped up and down at the thought of roast goose smothered in onions, they were thrilled at the expectation of their own Christmas dinner. The mother and the sister could work wonders with potatoes and carrots and onions.

For dinner they would have a Christmas pie. The oldest girl had told them about it. "There will be gold, and silver, and ivory; the carrots will be gold, and the onions will be silver—the potatoes will be ivory—" She had gotten the words out of a book in the public library, and the children had gone about singing them as if they were poetry.

The mother stood up and slowly removed the apron. "I'm too tired now to do the floor, child. But I'll set the alarm a little earlier and do it tomorrow morning, before the children get up." The girl nodded. Pride as well as reverence dictated that everything must be spotless and shining for Christmas Day. "Shall we fill the stockings now?" she asked.

The mother pulled open a drawer that seemed to hold paper and string and old newspapers, and there, underneath, were the presents. There was a ball for Dennis, and a spinning top for Johnnie, and for the little girl a funny little doll that was really a lollypop that the mother had

dressed in colored paper. The lollypop doll had two lifesavers for eyes and a jelly bean for a mouth, and she had hair of ravelled tan-colored string.

Presents should be things princely and unexpected and utterly impractical. This was all that the mother could manage. The other things must be useful. Still, she had contrived to cast a certain glamour over the black cotton socks by embroidering initials on the tops in red thread; and in spite of the fact that black mittens show the dirt least, she had gotten red ones, because they looked Christmas-y and gay. And the oldest girl, understanding, had approved. Now she went to the window and took three leaves from the holly sprig and gravely thrust one into each pair of mittens. Then she divided a small package of jelly beans among three little cups that she had made herself out of colored paper. Those were all the presents for the children. And she and the mother had presents for each other, but they would be surprises. She put the children's presents into the stockings hung up by the stove, and then the mother went to her room, saying "Good night" as she shut the door behind her. For a few minutes she moved softly about behind the closed door, then the girl heard the alarm clock being wound, then the creak of the bed as the mother lay down on it.

The oldest girl stood up, her cheeks suddenly blazing. She moved soundlessly across the kitchen, felt behind the bread box and drew out a parcel. She unfolded it lovingly, very careful not to let the paper crackle, and took out a white silk collar. This collar was something in the nature of a miracle to her. It should have cost fifty cents, but she had gotten it for a quarter because it was a little shopworn. In that household a quarter was a great deal of money; she had skimped for weeks to save it. The collar had been bought yesterday, but she had not had a chance to wash and press it till now. How pretty it would look on her mother's best black dress when it was all clean and nicely ironed. She laid it about her neck and looked at it complacently. Her mother would like it, she thought, as she laid it on the table and filled the kettle. Thank goodness the stove was hot! The water, only a little because the collar would not need much, was warm in only a few minutes. She washed the collar to snowy whiteness and hung it to dry on the freshly polished faucet, where it could drip into the sink.

The iron was on the back of the stove. She moved it forward, took the lid off the stove and poked the fire. It flared redly and heat flowed up at her. She replaced the lid and went back to the collar. She wished it would hurry up and dry! Maybe she could dry it over the stove. She

bent the handle of the kettle to one side, hung the collar on it, then removed the lid again so more heat could escape and dry the collar. She opened the door in the side of the stove and sat in the chair beside it. From where she sat she could see the collar. How pretty it was! But not really good enough for mother. She wanted to give her something really wonderful—a great big house with warm rugs and an electric refrigerator and dozens of servants, so that she would never have to work again. It was almost terrible, this feeling that welled up in her some times when she thought of her mother, how hard she worked, how little rest and comfort she had and yet how brave she was. The girl suddenly dashed away some babyish tears and stood up. And at that moment a draught fluttered the collar and it fell into the stove. The girl snatched it out again in an instant, but she was too late. A third of the silk was a frail charred brown web that broke at a touch. The girl wanted to cry; instead she hunted up scissors and needle and thread and began to cut and stitch. Two narrow silk cuffs were the result of her labors. She ironed them dutifully, but could not help eying them with dissatisfaction. They looked such pitiful makeshifts, and a whole quarter gone, too! What could she do now? Even if it were not too late to go out and buy a present, what could she do with the seven cents in her purse? Savage slow resentment filled her. She began to pace the floor quickly, and yet all the time she was very careful not to make any noise, lest she waken her mother.

A little piece of string was in her way. She kicked it aside, and suddenly stopped short. The next instant she whirled into activity, filling the kettle, getting out pail and rags and scrubbing brush. While the water was heating she carefully swept the floor.

Half an hour later the worn linoleum was shining, and on a bridge of newspapers she retreated to the stove, gathering up the stepping stones as she went. She stuffed the papers down beside the stove, took some sticks out of the wood box and arranged them into letters on the shining floor:

Then the girl stepped softly into the bedroom and felt her way across to the clock. Silently the little lever was pushed from ALARM to SILENT.

The mother had her Christmas present.

Bouquets and Brickbats

AS we go to press we are wondering if the appeal posted on the bulletin board has had any effect. Why do people expect the Board to write *all* of LORIA? Why do they insist on regarding us as a closed corporation? We will let other people contribute, really we will! Only give us a trial! . . . However, we must be doing a good job of it if a girl rides past three subway stations reading us—we could understand one station, but three! . . .We will give a shower of cotton snow to anyone who will give us notes on How to Behave When Put on the Ink-Spot. . . . Somebody we know ordered a bacon and cheese sandwich at Weinstein's—next day on the menu appeared "St. Joseph's special—bacon and cheese—$.20." We really must find out how it went over. . . . Who walked into a Latin class, but did not know it was a Latin class, because there was only one pupil? And who among us looks up the study rooms available before beginning to study? . . . Believe it or not, a young man recently bought a picture of Mae West because he liked the frame—he's going to take her picture out and put in his own. As if anybody would look at it! . . . Our poor printer! He came expecting a nice comfortable seat and a dignified reception, and we parked him on a campstool and hurled papers about his ears. . . . We'd like to meet the girl who gave a line of freshies a long dissertation of how to behave at those post-preliminary interviews. . . . When she turned around, who was standing there looking at her? . . . We're sure we'd have much in common.

What two girls exchanged locks unbeknownst—discovered it simultaneously—and opened each her own at the same moment, one, two, three? And the moral of this is, park your lock on top of your own locker. . . . A bouquet to us all, albeit it may have to be grown in a hothouse—the librarian at Pratt says she can always pick St. Joseph's girls out of the ruck because they say *thank you* when she gives them the books. . . . Winter is here, in case you haven't noticed—our teddy-bear coat has come out of its moth-proof bag. Why the deuce do people leave camphor balls in our pockets without telling us, so that in our ignorance we produce them in company and garner an undeserved reputation for eccentricity? . . . And why, while we are on the subject, do the designers insist on producing hats that expose our blushing ears to all the contrary winds? Some, to be sure, leave only one ear out in the cold, but the hats are not reversible, so it's always the same ear. . . . In case we have any secret

dunkers in our midst, let them be reassured: it's done in the best society. We found that out at the German Club's recent festivity at Goetz's. Butter cake dunked in coffee—yum-yum! And if a few pieces did detach themselves and had to be fished out with a spoon—what of it?—all in the day's work. Our grief was that there was only one song. We might have started more, but out of consideration for our friends—they always have to leave when we sing, it affects them so . . . another lost opportunity . . . es wäre zu schön gewesen. . . . While strolling along and observing life we observed a little black Scottie waiting on a doorstep. Alternately he sat down and looked wistful, then got up and walked around to keep up his circulation. Our own ears having lost consciousness, we knew what he felt like, so, in spite of our natural shyness (and his growls), we rang the bell and then played at living statuary while the pup smelled our ankles in a sort of meditative way. Very nice lady appeared and took in the Scottie before he had made up his mind. . . . Is this an institution of learning or is it not? A girl can't even carry a Greek grammar around without being asked: (a) Are you taking Greek?, and (b) Then are you studying by yourself? It's as bad as being asked what kind of a dog Sandy is. . . . It's the thought, not the money, that counts. A fine old sentiment. And anyone who gets a present from us this Christmas will feel a lot of thought behind it. What? Yes, of course we have money! Surely you didn't think? ? ? . . . Do you know that one girl bought a ticket for *The Torchbearers*, paid in full for it, asked for a quarter back on Thursday, the other quarter on Friday, and paid again on Monday? If she isn't careful she'll have only a hole beside her name. But she did buy one, if only it stays bought. . . . Ah, well! Merry Christmas, comrades! And let's not think on what comes after till we have to.

ART WORK:

Cover Design.....Virginia Holland
Page 6.....Mary McLoughlin
Pages 10 and 11.....Rose Keegan
Page 15.....Rose Keegan
Page 19.....Mary McLoughlin
Page 25.....Janet Cardow
Pages 30 and 31.....Rose Keegan
Page 33.....Mary McLoughlin
Page 37.....Virginia Holland
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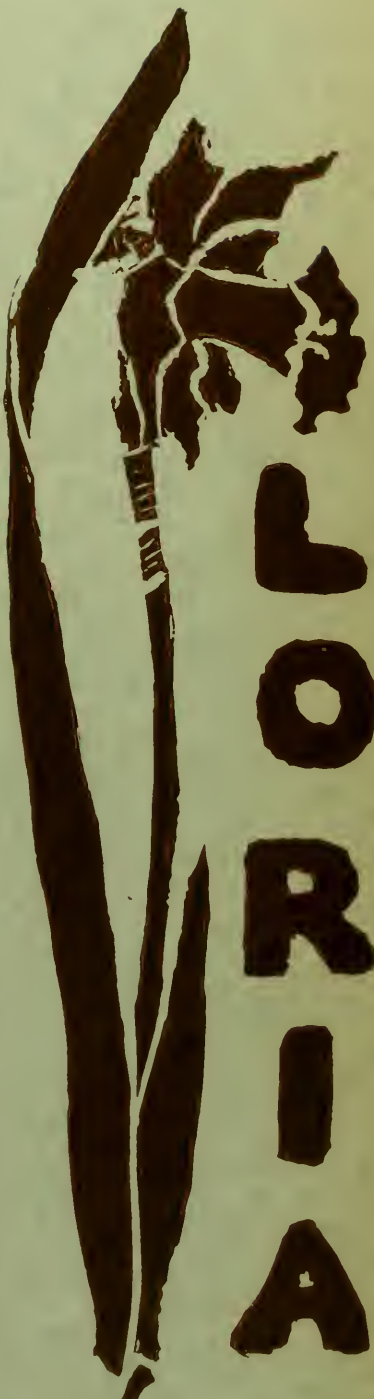
LORIA
SPRING

LORIA

Published by the Students of

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

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SPRING CONTENTS 1935

	PAGE
TREE FACETS (Verse)	4
THE WREN BUILDING AT WILLIAMSBURG	5
RONDEAU (Verse)	7
ON A BASKET WOVEN OF SWEET GRASS (Verse)	8
NOT BUILDED ON SAND	9
LAND SAKES, SPRING!	12
POEMS	14
TRIUMPH	15
ACROSS FROM 103	18
LOVE	18
VIVISECTION	19
NONE BUT THE BRAVE	24
HASTE THEE NYMPH	26
NICHAVO	28
BOOK REVIEWS	30
THE PLAY'S THE THING	35
THE TOWN YODELER	42
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS	44
ADVERTISEMENTS	45

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I

These trees and I are kinsmen!
I, too, have stood
upon the curve of a hill,
breath held
and motionless
with the beauty
of a spring day.

II

The trees are poised—
still—silent—
on the hill
before the music of spring begins
and they must dance
with their betrothed, the wind.

III

So let me love these trees
this hour before the dawn
as they breathe quietly,
unencumbered now
their last time
till fall.
Tonight spring comes
to burden them with leaves.

Angeline Leibinger, '38.

THE WREN BUILDING AT WILLIAMSBURG:

America's Oldest College

DOROTHY V. DUFFY, '36

MY first impression of Williamsburg was one of an all-pervading Southern leisureliness. College students drifted about the streets and fringed the sidewalks in incredible numbers. None of them seemed to have anything to do. Classes appeared so remote a contingency that no one worried about them.

A young student friend of ours, with nothing to do till five o'clock, offered himself as guide, and squired us into the Wren Building. Built in 1695 from Sir Christopher Wren's design, this structure has been burned down twice. Each time a roof was put on again without much regard for the original plan. Consequently, when restoration was begun, the architects were confronted with a difficult task. For a model they used a small and age-blurred picture found in the background of a portrait of one of the deans. They had partially rebuilt the place according to this picture before complete plans, measurements and specifications were found in the archives of a London library, left there by Sir Christopher himself. The work already done was torn down and rebuilt all over again according to these.

As it stands now the Wren Building is a beautiful structure, spacious and airy. From the front door a short hall runs straight through to the back porch from which Roosevelt talked to the student body only a few weeks ago. All the rooms are big, and each has an open fireplace. Since it is seldom necessary to use those in the classrooms, the movable blackboards can be placed before them. On one blackboard was a notice: "The English class will not meet here today," and on one of the beautiful white Colonial mantelpieces was a familiar-looking wooden box of chalks. The electric switches in the walls were not Colonial, but they were hardly noticeable anyway. The benches were marvels of ingenuity—just plain straight wooden seats with one crossbar at

the back about the height of one's shoulders. Our friend explained that it was impossible to fall asleep on one of these, however dull the class, for one could not lean on the bar, and if a student tried leaning forward on the desk, the desk slid away because the floors were so highly polished.

We saw the Blue Room where the trustees met. The walls were a beautiful soft dull blue. Several portraits hung on them; one, of the first lay dean of the college. Beside him in his portrait was an open window and through it showed the small blurred outline of the Wren Building that they had used for the restoration before the plans were found in the English library. Another portrait was of Lord Boyle, under it was a table bearing an original edition of his works in six or seven volumes, rather tattered by a few centuries of use. In the center of the room was a long table, the wood of beautiful grain and patina, and the legs of Queen Anne design. Around it were ranged six chairs of red leather and carved wood, beautiful solidly constructed things. On the table four books, dating from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries lay open, with "Please do not touch" signs laid across the pages. When the trustees meet these books are moved over to the table with Lord Boyle's works to be out of harm's way.

The Blue Room and the classrooms opened out of a broad sunny airy gallery, a delightful place, even if the only furniture was the stacks of folding chairs in one corner. Our forefathers had spacious ideas. They believed in plenty of light and air.

The Chapel was on the ground floor. The paneling shone softly as the sunlight slanted across it and struck on the gleaming old alms plate and the brass candlesticks. At the back was something that looked like a choir loft; it was really a place for the Negro slaves who accompanied their young masters in the old days. There were two heavy doors; in them, as elsewhere in the building, wooden pegs were used instead of nails. The hinges were the HL pattern. H and L stand for Holy Lord, and these hinges were supposed to bar the passage of evil spirits. On the top hinge of the door the hinges were upside down, but probably evil spirits were too stupid to know the difference.

The Refectory, now used for faculty meetings, had more of the same wonderful old paneling, and the long polished wooden tables were still there too, some of them marked by their former careless users, who never realized that some day visitors would gaze on their furniture with reverent envy. The fireplace was monstrous, with a great log left in it from last Christmas' Yule Log ceremony. Every Christmas the previous

year's log is burned and the new one brought in and started burning. Then the new one is left in the fireplace till the following Christmas. The andirons that held the log were bent and twisted. They were the original irons, and they had buckled under the heat and weight of the Yule log.

All the locks in the building were Colonial pattern—and size. To open them our guide jingled a pair of keys at least six inches long. The windows too were particularly striking. Many of them were small and round, like portholes, with the glass divided into small panes.

The Wren Building was the original William and Mary College, built only two years after the College was founded in 1693. The students ate on the first floor, attended lectures on the second, and slept on the third. Though they now eat and sleep and, in many cases, work, in other buildings, the Wren Building is still the heart of the College. There is something stately and old-world and unhurried about it that accords with traditions of dignity and learning. It was a beautifully designed structure, and it has been beautifully restored, for wherever possible the original brick and wood have been used. An early student returning should feel quite at home.

RONDEAU

"He loves me not," white petals say
As I stand plucking them today
And they drift slowly to the ground.
There is no stirring here; no sound
Towards which my lonely thoughts can stray.
He said he loved me, yesterday,
He swore he did, but petals may
Not ever lie, and so I found
He loves me not.
But I am proud; I know a way
To hide my sorrow and be gay
So none may guess that love has frowned
Upon my heart. My lips are bound
By silence. I will not betray
He loves me not.

Marjorie McKeough, '37.

ON A BASKET WOVEN OF SWEET GRASS

"For you."
I took it lightly
But after you were gone,
I cupped my hands about it.
My blood burst into song.

I saw
Brave armies charging
With banners white and blue;
I thought how menial stars would be
As courtiers for you.

For I
Was thinking how you stood
So shy and smiling there,
And how the sunlight loved you
And loved your shining hair.

So small,
This thing of woven grass,
To make me glad and proud;
So few your words but I had heard
Te Deums clear and loud.

That day
I shall remember
As though it were today,
When a dream leaped up in your young
eyes
And met my dream half-way.

Kathleen Sheehan, '35.

NOT BUILDED ON SAND

FRANCES McLOUGHLIN, '38

JEROME RUDD sat in his favorite rocking chair in the comfortable sitting-room of the old farmhouse. The beams of the late afternoon sun picked out the thinning hair, carefully brushed, the weathered, wrinkled skin, the fine dauntless eyes, the strong, browned hands, the stooped shoulders—this was indeed a New England farmer of the truest type.

But he was in a frock coat, the trim shirt of blue homespun; his shoes were polished. Where were the blue jeans and khaki work shirt of the farmer; where were the sturdy country boots? Surely the hour was too early for the chores to be finished. The farmer should have been in the fields, gathering his late corn, or hauling in the first load of winter wood.

Something untoward was happening, then, to break the farmer's routine. Jerome Rudd was waiting for someone, for he glanced frequently out the window towards the road, which wound up the hill near the churchyard.

His thoughts, as he rocked away the minutes, were the key to the puzzle. . . . Howard and he certainly had had an unsettled time since Carrie's death. Gone was the tranquillity and quiet happiness which she had brought for so many years. The habits of thirty years of married life had been snapped off a year ago last April. At first the son had urged that they keep house themselves, rather than bring someone into mother's place. But Jerome realized how difficult it was to keep house without a woman's hand. So the procession of paid help had begun; all, however, had found unbearable and irksome that very peace which the old man prized. Seven housekeepers had come and gone—the most persevering of them had stayed two months. The father had been hinting slyly for some months that Howard ought to pick out some nice, capable, village

girl, and settle down to the normal course of life. But since Howard had not yet selected a bride, today the eighth housekeeper was to arrive. She had sent a very promising application and reference, and the two men hoped she would prove more satisfactory than her predecessors.

Mr. Rudd was in his doorway in ample time to give a homely but hearty welcome to the new housekeeper; for from the sitting-room window he had seen the car as soon as it appeared on the hill by the church. His keen eyes carefully appraised the middle-aged woman who stepped out of the battered Ford. She struck an incongruous note in that rural setting. Her heavy black hair escaped in strands from her large white straw hat. Her full, colorless face had no dominating feature, unless it was her rather sharp nose. Bright blue silk dress and spike heeled shoes, were alike unsuitable for a country resident. Her lips smiled a gushing greeting, but her disconcertingly sharp gaze belied her amiability. There was budding dislike in the old man's heart as he stepped forward, but he justly reserved final judgment. His welcome was kindly and sincere.

About three weeks later, Jerome Rudd again stood in his doorway, waiting for Howard to return from town with Mrs. Canby, who insisted on doing the marketing herself. As he waited—in some impatience, for it was long past dinner hour—he wondered how long it would be before Howard would drive her off to the railroad station with her bags; for she was showing signs of restlessness already. And, although she was brisk and industrious, Mr. Rudd half wished she had left today. He found very irritating her coy requests to call her "just Myra," instead of "Mrs. Canby," which she termed "too formal." Also, she had had the temerity to rearrange the furniture in the best parlor—the best parlor, which to any New Englander was the most sacred place outside of church. It remained undisturbed—except to be dusted—for generations.

He found it hard, therefore, to avoid showing his strong distaste, as Myra fluttered across the lawn and addressed him in mellifluous tones.

"Mr. Rudd—No, I'm going to start calling you Dad right away. . . . Howard and I were just married in town!"

The dignified old farmer made no outcry; his trembling hand reached for the support of the doorpost. His eyes stared at the woman before him, with something pitiful and frightening in their depths. Slowly he turned toward his son, his expression pleading for a denial. But Howard's conduct mutely confirmed the fact revealed by Myra. His hand nervously turned the handle of the car door; he shifted uncomfortably from one foot to the other, refusing to meet his father's gaze.

Later that evening, Jerome sought out his son when the younger man went to the barn to do the milking. In a voice that was hoarse with emotion he whispered, "Son—why?" Howard began a stumbling, incoherent defense of the step he had taken: The winter was almost here—he thought she was going to leave—it was hard to get new help in the winter—he didn't want his father to have any more work to do—she was a good worker. . . .

The halting phrases did not make the fact any the less unpalatable to the father, but they clarified the son's purpose. Jerome Rudd recognized that the boy needed help and sympathy, and he steeled himself to the difficult task. He was a churchman, a Deacon at the Congregational Church on the hill. All his life he had found help from his religion. When Carrie had gone, he had found solace in his faith. So, in this new crisis, the Christian code pointed out the policy he was to follow. He managed a few reassuring words, then turned from the barn and walked up the road to find strength in the rugged country about him. His shoulders seemed suddenly more stooped, his wrinkled face took on new lines of care, his eyes were clouded with pain and disappointment.

For more than a year, Jerome Rudd put up with Myra's dominance. He watched his son change from a young, eager, ambitious man, into a harried, dogged individual. He saw his farm, which he had worked fruitfully for years, lie neglected because Myra insisted that Howard take a caretaker's job at the camp up the road for the money it paid. He talked timidly, apologetically, with his old neighbors, to whom Myra was selling watered milk, so that she could sell cream to summer people. He came into his own house daily, and scarcely knew it for the same place to which he had proudly brought Carrie on their wedding day. He spent long hours sitting in the best parlor, recalling how it had looked when he and Carrie had been first married.

The new wall paper, a screaming yellow, blatantly figured, struck the first discordant note in his memory. He had always liked the olive green paper, over which dainty fawns scampered in wooded glens; for against that background he could see Carrie—Carrie on their wedding night, with the promise of love in her eyes; Carrie holding their baby son at his christening; Carrie proudly entertaining the minister, or the Ladies' Aid. He recalled the quaint furniture which had once graced the room: the horsehair sofa by the west window, the squat old ottoman near the doorway, his own special armchair the "throne chair" in which

(Continued on page 40)

LAND SAKES, SPRING!

HELEN REGAN, '38

A hand tentatively draws aside the curtain of First Floor Front and a shadowy form draws a chair close to the window. The curtain is quiet for a moment and then, "Land sakes, Spring is here."

I

Spring in her rare carnival mood dances in her gay motley in the shadow of Washington Arch. The hurdy-gurdy man cheerfully grinds out the *Isle of Capri,* and a delightful grin lightens his swarthy face as a child stops to gaze entranced at Beppo's antics. The warm, odorous air is reminiscent of his dear Naples and Beppo's little red cap is brimming full of shining pennies. A passing crowd of chattering schoolgirls stopped to exclaim over the flower vendor's wares, gaudy tulips and sprightly daffodils piled high on the cart. Gaily they go on their way as the flower vendor smiles encouragingly at the next passerby. The old gray wooden fences down the street hide their winter shabbiness under the gaudy colors of the first of the Village artists' exhibits that blossom at the first sign of spring. Here, in the middle of this spring day, stands an artist putting the finishing touches to a storm scene on a mountain. On the steps of a high brownstone stoop another artist has set up his easel and entices the public with "Your picture in charcoal—25c." His sensitive face is drawn in concentration and he traces the pudgy features of a little brat whose mother holds him in place for the artist by one leg. Men in tall hats hold the arms of shining women who laughingly gaze and then pass on.

II

Rowdy gusts of wind send the clouds scudding across the sky and over the park the rainbow kites bob merrily as the children run in wild abandon, like lithe young colts turned to pasture. The popcorn lady nods cheerfully as the children troop past to the Punch and Judy show. Today she will do well, for Punch and Judy without popcorn is like a circus without peanuts. A little girl with her stout rosy nurse stops to gaze longingly at this most delicious of confections. If only Fräulein could be won over but Fräulein does does not hold with American sweets.

"But no, Liebschen, you know it is not good for you." Liebschen sighs but there's a man with bright balloons. The little one ventures a side-long glance and Fräulein smiles encouragingly. Soon a great red balloon dances over Liebschen's head.

A little red-haired boy with a yellow dog barking at his heels skips past them, doffs his raggy brown cap, and throws the little girl a daffodil he has snatched from the vendor's cart. She catches it with a delightful laugh and running up to her nurse cries, "Look, Fräulein, look what the little boy gave me. Pin it on my dress!" Fräulein laughingly does as she is commanded.

Talking and joking good-humoredly a group of boys troop along throwing popcorn at each other. They approach two young lovers sitting on a bench feeding peanuts to a timid squirrel. As the boys draw near he warily scampers across the path and up the tree. A little boy and girl with hands tightly clasped fly swiftly by on roller skates, screaming gleefully, "Get outta the way!"

A dirty little urchin stops in front of the popcorn stand and looks from the candy to the single dime in the palm of his hand. Disappointment clouds his face but not for long. Soon he puckers his mouth into a whistle. For isn't he lucky after all? It isn't every child who can see Punch and Judy.

The curtain drops back to its place and a hand reaches up to pull down the shade. Spring has come to the First Floor Front.

POEMS

MOOD

A BREATH of spring loveliness
passes over my cheek,
and warms my face.
I smile,
and look up at the sunshine
as it lights the clouds.

The soft breeze of a calm evening
cools my forehead
and blows my hair.
I sigh,
and watch the moonlight
glisten in the wet grass.

I love,
and am loved.

FROM A TRAIN WINDOW

THE hills are like green birds
flying by my window—
quickly at my side,
then past.
This relentless train
speeds forward
leaving green hills and you behind—
forward,
towards the edge of the earth.

Angeline Leibinger, '38.

TRIUMPH

MARY LAVIN, '36

WHEN Dennis Graves awakened in his hotel room, his first sensation was one of unsubstantiated fear and uneasiness. He struggled to remember what had caused it. The huge leather chair in the corner broke through the mist before his eyes and assumed an expression of solid condemnation. He raised his head, looking across the dim room toward the open window, through which he caught snatches of snow-covered roofs, white chimneys and a fragment of clear blue sky. He became conscious of the cold and the next instant he knew. Last night he had given in to Blair and Kingston. The thought caused him to sit up, suddenly rigid as though to ward off a blow. The clock above the fireplace remorselessly ticked its disdain in the same incessant tone. With a groan he bent his head and covered his ears with his fists. He tried to realize what was going to happen, but the more he struggled to face the thought calmly, the more he trembled and shrank before it. Today one hundred thousand dollars worth of stock with a backing of less than half that amount was to be unloaded on the market to save him from bankruptcy. He could hear the incredulous remarks. "Graves, Blair and Kingston bankrupt! Why, that's absurd! They're the soundest and most reliable firm on the Street." Well, they wouldn't have the chance to say that now. He had seen to that last night—but why had he done it? Why had he consented?

He sprang out of bed, the cold air slapping him in remonstrance. Should he call Blair? There was still time to stop the issue before the Exchange opened. Oh God, must he go all through that again! Wasn't three weeks of threshing it out with his partners all day and himself all night enough to drive even a Job insane! After all, they were right. Why should *he* worry about the thousand poor suckers who would suffer because of it. They wouldn't give a damn whether he went bankrupt or

not! He dressed quickly and began to pace the room. No one had worked harder than he had—and yet what had it brought him—nothing but money—money and the title of being an honest business man—an honest business man! His lips tightened and twisted into a smile. Well, he had lost the title last night but he still had the money. But of what use was money at his age? It was too late to fulfill his dreams, to go on with the career he had always looked forward to so eagerly—that of being a surgeon, a blessing to humanity. A fine blessing to humanity he had turned out to be. Well, there was nothing like going to extremes. With a defiant gesture he doggedly raised his head and crossed to the window, where he stood looking down into the whiteness of the street and at the early morning throng just beginning to appear. His hands gripped the white sill. He took a queer delight in feeling the cold pierce his flesh. For a moment that seemed perpetual he experienced the tortures of self-contempt mingled with self-pity. What had life ever given to him? Not for one single moment had he ever come to grips with happiness, not for one moment had he felt overwhelmed with it, and yet most men, even the meanest, had been granted that fleeting satisfaction. He had been cheated of everything,—of love, of his most cherished ambition, and now of his self-respect. Yet it was not too late to cling to his self-respect. After all his word was law. He could still call Blair. It was not too late. "It is too late," he cried aloud, wheeling around as though to challenge the disapproving furniture. "Why should I always be the one to give in?" No! He had made up his mind—"the die was cast." Suddenly he felt an overpowering longing to escape—to get out into the freedom of the crisp, morning air. The room had such a reproachful atmosphere and gloom enveloped it. He pulled on his topcoat, and drawing his hat well over his eyes, went down into the street.

At the entrance he hesitated. A tall well-built youth in a well-worn sheepskin was shoveling the snow from the sidewalk. His back was turned to Dennis who stared at it contemplatively. What a world of determination those shoulders expressed as they rhythmically stooped and straightened, keeping time to the movements of the shovel. An expression that was almost wistful rested for a fleeting moment on Dennis's features, softening them. Had it really been twenty-five years since he was young and strong like that, full of hope and confidence? Curious that the boy should remind him of himself. Did he have ideals too? Probably. Well, he'd learn. As though conscious of the searching eyes focused on him, the youth slowly turned. At sight of Dennis his face lighted and smiling a

welcome with his clear gray eyes, he stepped eagerly forward.

"Why, Mr. Graves, you're just the man I want to see!"

"Me? Are you sure?" answered Dennis. "I don't believe—" The youth smiled boyishly.

"No, I don't believe you do. But I know you! Everybody knows Dennis Graves of 'Graves, Blair and Kingston.' You can't build up a reputation like yours and then expect to enjoy the bliss of solitude. You know, sometimes I think it must be tough to be popular!" The boy grinned.

"It is," answered Dennis grimly, "I've just found that out."

"Well, Mr. Graves," went on the boy, "I was wondering—that is, some one tipped me off about that stock your company is unloading today, and I was wondering if you'd buy a hundred shares for me."

Dennis, startled, drew back.

"Oh, I have the money of course! It's about all I have got, but then you have to take risks sometimes. Besides, I'd trust more than my money with you, Mr. Graves." The boy's smile broadened.

"What did you want the money for?" asked Dennis without raising his eyes.

"Well, you see, sir, if I make some money now I can enter school this year instead of waiting until next."

Dennis suddenly had the sensation that the most momentous occasion of his life was about to occur. He saw the boy's face in a haze. He saw through him to his own youth twenty-five years past. He saw beyond him twenty-five years into the future. When he spoke he didn't recognize the metallic clicks that were his voice.

"What were you thinking of studying, son?"

"Surgery, sir," was the quick response.

A sense of strange and overwhelming peace enveloped Dennis. Was he, too, to have his moment?

He paused. What if the rumor spread that the stock was worthless. He wouldn't have to call Blair. Tomorrow they would be ruined, but strangely enough he didn't care now.

"Is that all the money you have, son?"

The boy nodded.

Dennis placed his hand on the boy's shoulder. "Don't buy that stock. It's worthless."

ACROSS FROM 103

I

THE fading streams of sunlight beat down upon the harsh, straight lines of the bleak fire-escapes, and sink into black shadows. A harsh iron fence confines the scrubby bushes in the narrow yard. Soon the pathetic little yard is blotted out, and even the stunted bushes which gave it an air of cheerfulness dissolve into the darkness of the whole. Here and there feeble lights gleam and slow shadows move across the drawn shades. One by one more lights come on and night falls on the silent street.

ALICE KENNEDY, '38.

II

ROWS of blankly shining windows, rusty fire-escapes in a setting of dull white bricks—monotonous, ugly, the back of a modern apartment house. Here you do not find the decorative doorman, the impressive entrance, and the architectural exuberance of the façade. Here are only the barest realities, from the sidewalk where an aggressively trim row of ash cans squats, to the roof where wires lose themselves in a tangled maze and pipes and chimneys thrust their stubby noses into the sky. In one window there is a pot of scarlet tulips, and across the court gay yellow curtains fall in a whirl of frivolous ruffles. Tiny splotches of brightness lost in the vast grayness of the whole—bits of individuality in the monotone.

RUTH PETERSEN, '38.

LOVE

LOVE is a lilt and a laugh
A hyacinth spray of blue.
Love is the pulse of earth
Mingled with you.

Eileen Brennan, '37.

VIVISECTION *

ANNE TIERNEY, '35

I WONDER how many of you have ever been confronted by the editor of a school publication a day before the magazine went to press and have had the all too familiar words hurled at you:

"Not enough material. Write something, anything!" the last said in a tone of desperation. (*I wonder what she'll do when the printer is standing there holding out his hand for the final proof, and the editor hurls the even more familiar words, "Add three hundred words to this,— it doesn't fill the page.*")

Well, that very thing has happened to me (*it happened to us, too. Will she be smart enough to toss a quote from Ruskin into the gap? Ah, the classics! Where would we be without our cultural background!*) even after vowing I would never write another article for any publication. Of course, to help matters along, there were the ever present banes on the existence of any school girl (*! ! ! the murderers who tear the heart and soul out of an idiom, who rend it asunder and distribute the fragments over the length of a sentence!*), tests, the increasing demands of professors for the inevitable book reports (*wait, little freshman, just wait till you're a senior!*) and lastly, the many social functions a college girl simply must attend (*no comment*).

"Oh, why does everything have to happen in the same week," I groaned (*everything?* ————). But what was the use? My poor brain utterly devoid of ideas at the time I need them most (*Ed. note: No sentence*). I thought of praying to St. Jude (*patron of the impossible?*) but I was sure that it would take more than that to even get the article written (*much more. We gave that up 'way back before the first issue went to press*).

*Ed. Note: Tearing out her hair in wads, a member of the staff here blue pencils her ruthless way through the original article of a hopeful contributor.

Resolutely I sharpened an appalling number of pencils (*Query: Where arose the fallacy that writers sharpen quantities of pencils before commencing operations? We'll bet our last nickel she uses an eversharp*), locked myself in my room (*after her strenuous labors on the high school mag. does she need the seclusion of her boudoir?*) and with the customary chawing on the top of my pencil, I began to search for inspirations. You've guessed it (*we certainly have*), the inspirations were rarer than that (*what?*).

"Perhaps if I ate something"—well, I did (*smart girl, keeps provisions in her room. Now, they always tell us that that draws mice*), and returned to my work a little more refreshed (*ate?*), but still no ideas had made their appearance. (*They never do. The idea is to go out and drag one in by the scruff of its neck.*) While sitting there so occupied (?) (*Grrr! a question marker we have with us*), Sandy, the prize dog of the family (*well, well! Sandy! Another of thy name hath preceded thee on this staff—is it a plot to insert him as mascot?*) began to scratch on the door in a vain attempt to enter. Feeling the need of diversion (*diversion from what?*) I let him in. Well, we played ball together, and finally in a tussle over it, Sandy and I got into a rough and tumble argument at the end of which both of us lay on the floor gasping for breath (*you should see the editor—she's under the table gnawing her nails off up to the elbow*). While in that dignified position I noticed papers scattered over my desk, and was brought to the swift realization that the article still had to be written (*oh why bother? You've pushed around enough papers for the day. The mag. can wait, the printer isn't in any hurry; suppose the Christmas issue does come out after New Year's—give Sandy another run around*).

"Oh," I murmured, "it's almost suppertime—I might as well take time out for nourishment. (*This strict attention to diet is most commendable. We stand abashed before the vision of such concentration.*) Who knows, maybe an idea will pierce the fog enveloping my brain.

After supper, with no ideas as yet, I returned to my work (*the insufferable braggart!*), and after a dozen futile attempts at composition, I gave up in disgust and went to bed.

* * * * * *

Special professional advice at nothing per line:

Dear Editor:

For humanitarian reasons, I hesitate to recommend to you the writer of this article as a member of next year's staff. I have always endeavored most earnestly to preserve illusions when I found them in others. My own have been shattered one after another by well-meaning persons who believe in the bracing effect of stern reality. Unquestionably it was this that contributed largely to the cynical attitude with which I view life today. But perhaps it was also this that has enabled me to appreciate most keenly the savor of my experiences of this past year. Can the smug complacence of the optimist, who "knew all along it would be all right" compare with the fresh and delighted surprise of the cynic who doubted strongly that there would be a Christmas issue? Where else could I have acquired that saving sense of irresponsibility, that devil may care, debonair attitude characteristic of our friend mehitabel? Distinguish carefully, my dear colleague, between optimism and the spirit of the French Foreign Legion. The optimist is confident that it will all turn out for the best. The cynic is certain that it will not, but "wotthehell, mehitabel, us for the life romantic!"

Och, Mavourneen, there are tears in my eyes when I contemplate the childlike simplicity of this aspirant to the laurels. She eats! How vividly it comes back to me—proof reading at eleven, lunch at one, theater at two-thirty; would it be Child's or a drug store? Gradually our visions of a feed dwindled and dwindled. At three we headed frantically for the second act, and at five-thirty staggered into the Automat for enough fuel and energy to get us home.

She sleeps! Ah, that memorable night! Rewriting half the mag. at twelve, composing reviews at three,—will the typewriter disturb the family? "You crazy children! What on earth are you doing till this hour?" "Just one minute more—" Good Lord! It's almost daylight outside! Can the pleasures of "innocent sleep" compensate for the deliciously airy feeling that comes from lack of sleep?

She needs quiet, and privacy, and sharpened pencils! An editorial written on an "L" platform, a nifty opening sentence that shattered sleep one night and was jotted down with eyebrow pencil on the flyleaf of a book in the dark, articles dashed off on the subway are evidence to destroy those mistaken ideas. Cervantes wrote on scraps of leather, and Lincoln on brown wrapping paper.

The poor child wants time—has she never realized the delirious joy, the mad excitement of trying to stretch one minute to cover three

minutes of living? This is no brief for last minute work,—but is not the philosophy of a time for everything and everything on time akin to hibernation, semi-existence? May not that methodical mode of living be, "on this short day of frost and sun, to sleep before evening"?

The futility of waiting upon inspiration our young friend will realize on her first assignment next Fall. No argument of mine can be as compelling as the approaching deadline. It is this thought more than any other that brings me to my conclusion. I was, in the beginning, of the firm conviction that the writer of the article above was not of sufficient endurance to take part in the creation of this mag. I doubted whether she possessed the ingenuity and *esprit de corps* essential in preserving her equilibrium when requested to add a half page to somebody else's story, or to weld into an article the stray fragments handed in by a contributor who "put down all the facts, but simply couldn't write a connected essay." I wondered whether she could gaze, without emotion, upon the scene of carnage as "La Belle Dame sans Merci" ruthlessly slashes through her most treasured paragraphs.

Even more, I could see her wandering sorrowfully through the cemetery of her rejected manuscripts, shedding quiet tears on the tomb of the favorite brain-child. Could she ever acquire the stern and rockbound fortitude to sustain her in circumstances such as this:

"The sorry world is sighing now,
'Fill the page,' she said.
They pulled and stretched and mangled.
Now every word is dead."

Ah, the biter bitten! Here I am bouncing on the horns of the same dilemma I solved a few pages ago. Words, words—ah yes, a crack at free verse. There are magazines that publish free for nothing; there are also magazines that publish at the contributor's expense; perhaps she will find the magazine that will publish "at your own risk." Her tribe caused the poet to pen:

"Of all the saddest sights
The saddest this to me:
The graves of little magazines
That died to make verse free."

(*Continued on page 41*)

NONE BUT THE BRAVE

ALICE KENNEDY, '38

SAFE, successful, happy. At twenty-five, J. B. Grant was the manager of the Manhattan branch of a nationally known advertising agency.

His own efforts had brought him success. And Jane was certainly looking on him with more favor of late. Jane! He smiled as he thought of Jane with her charm and her absurd loyalties. The latter thought made him frown and he quickened his pace. A pat on the pocket which held the ring he hoped to put on Jane's finger that very night restored his good humor.

A voice from the shadows broke in upon his thoughts:

"Could you spare me some change, sir?"

Something in the voice—a trace of self-respect?—made Grant feel in his change pocket as he mentally noted that the fellow sounded like a decent sort. Probably a depression victim down on his luck.

The light from the street lamp pierced the grayish mist and the beggar saw Grant's good-looking but rather self-satisfied face. Muttering, the man turned quickly and melted into the fog, leaving his would-be benefactor standing on the corner in some bewilderment. Suddenly young Mr. Grant's memory began to function. That lean, familiar face, that voice. . . .

* * * *

The sun slanted down on the bay as a white sailboat skimmed around the bend. *Laughing Lady* dipped into the short, choppy waves and her youthful navigator shouted a cheerful hello across the water to two girls who were stretched on the dock. The boat passed the rows of cottages and sailed opposite the deserted sand dunes. One boy reached down and pulled the leg of a second who was lying on the bottom of the boat. His blue eyes twinkled in his brown face as he said:

"Up you come, Jack."

"Gosh, Ted, you know how it is. Just because I don't go to Greenvale School and my mother sews for a living, I don't rate with your crowd. You're the only one. . . . But I'll show 'em, some day." His mouth hardened unpleasantly and Ted hastened to say:

"You're got the crowd wrong, old boy. They don't feel that way at all. Jane Claire is just a silly kid and she doesn't mean to snub you. She does it to all of us.

The boat lurched wildly and both boys leaped for the tiller. In the excitement of getting *Laughing Lady* on an even keel Jack's troubles were forgotten.

That night Mrs. Lorimer spoke to Ted as he sat in front of the radio absorbed in the baseball scores.

"Ted—"

No answer.

"Ted, don't you think you ought to bring that box of clothes to Jack? He may need them. Better take them tonight."

"Sure, mother," promised Ted. "Boy, were the Cardinals good today!" He was beginning a detailed account but his mother hurried out of the room to get the box of clothes.

A few minutes later Ted was knocking at Jack's door with the box. It was rather an awkward moment for both boys, Ted wondering why his mother hadn't sent them with the chauffeur as she usually did, and Jack trying to swallow his pride. Ted responded to the muttered thanks with a friendly punch and the two fell to wrestling.

As the years passed on, their friendship grew mellow and impregnable. When Ted's parents were killed in an airplane crash, Ted stayed at Jack's home for a little while. It was incredible to his relatives that he should prefer strangers to his own blood relations. But they never knew that Mrs. Grant loved Ted almost as much as her own son, and that he responded to that love. After he left the Grant's home, his life was unhappy and restless.

In the summer of '29 Ted sought and found Jack at a commercial art school. Jack was overjoyed to see him and grandly ushered him into a dingy room lighted only by a skylight.

"Ted, you old bounder! You look great."

"It's good to see you, Jack," and unfeigned admiration shown in their eyes.

"Well, Ted, how've they treated you?"

"Oh, grand, Jack. Beyond my wildest dreams. And, do you remember Jane Claire? Well, we're engaged."

"You lucky stiff, she's a tough nut to crack, but I knew you'd do it."

"She's grand, and if this stock I'm playing goes the right way we'll be married next month."

"Next month is important all right. I get a diploma, and not one minute too soon."

"Is that so? Any prospects?"

"Yes, I've been recommended to a big house and Lady Luck is smiling."

"Say, Jack, how about having dinner at my house tomorrow night? Jane will be there, and we can talk over old times."

"Sure, if you don't think she'd mind."

At the dinner Jack noticed that Jane was more beautiful than he had imagined, and that her girlish snobbishness had grown into a womanly independence. It was obvious that they were greatly in love, but Jane was friendly and she was honestly glad to see Jack. When they dropped him at his door, he again said to Ted: "You lucky stiff!"

In the fall of '29 Ted suddenly broke his engagement to Jane and left as if the earth had swallowed him up. Jane was distraught and sought Jack for an explanation.

"I can't understand. He loved me. We were to be married." Jack tried to console her. He would never tell that the Lorimer fortune had gone down in the crash and that Ted could not ask Jane to share a life of poverty.

* * * *

These memories rushed through Jack Grant's mind, but he thought of Jane. He couldn't give her up. Jane would never know. He remembered his boyish ambition to "show him." Marriage to Jane would cap this fulfillment. It was easy to lose Ted in the fog.

Jane was watching for him and she flew to open the door. As he stooped to kiss her, Jack thought of newly-opened flowers. She seemed so alive tonight, so eager. She led him into the dining room and waited for the question they both expected. Jack reached his hand into his pocket, but did not withdraw it. Teddy's face rose up before him, Teddy reaching down to pull him up from the bottom of the boat, Teddy with his box of clothes, Teddy in a hundred different memories. Silently he looked at Jane and he saw that she was pained and puzzled. He could never ask Jane Claire to be his wife.

HASTE THEE NYMPH

ROSE FRANCES KEEGAN, '35

EIGHT TWENTY-FIVE . . . one minute before train time . . . and from the depot rises clamor and tumult. Down the long streets scurry uneven files of men and women with more or less celerity, according to age and general anatomical details. Husbands kiss wives hasty farewells, giving last minute admonitions on the care of the furnace, while the cheerful helpmeet replies with earnest exhortations not to forget the gin for the party.

With the approach of the train, the milling throngs of people separate into smaller bundles, symmetrically disposed at regular intervals down the platform, at the precise spots where the doors open. During the first few minutes of settling down, the commuters exist in a state of absolute democracy. Banker and clerk, teacher and student, poor man, beggar and thief equally lack individuality for a short space of time. Once having found their friends and daily amusements, however, their individual differences emerge more forcefully than ever before. Nowhere else in our civilization would it be possible for such a potpourri of humanity to gather together so that each person could find, by walking a few hundred feet, that very group to which he belongs, with interests and preferences almost entirely his own. There is Mr. Mifflin, broker, the richest man in town, who wends his way forward to the third car and there discovers his cronies with whom he can bewail the harsh treatment "the New Deal" accords Wall Street, and swap the latest risqué stories. There is Johnny Breen, college freshman, who stands with his own kind in the baggage car discussing the latest baseball reports while determinedly biting the stem of a small pipe. The gentleman carrying the paper bag full of various green stuffs is a biology teacher at home in the second smoker among other school teachers like himself. The amateur horticulturists assemble in the last car and avidly discuss the merits of to-

bacco juice as a spray for roses, while the "sporty" element engages in a thrilling game of bridge.

Female commuters usually travel in pairs, and heroic efforts are made to save a seat in the fourth car for Evangeline who gets on at the next station. Here it may be well to mention a system of persuasion, the purpose of which is to induce, by subtle methods, the man beside your friend across the aisle to offer to exchange seats with you, so that you can study together for the history quiz. Stage whispers relative to the invasions of the Teutons, and the like, are of use in such circumstances. It is a brave man who can resist such a bombardment of hints. While upon the subject of work, it is significant to note that a college girl of average intelligence can, with the greatest possible speed and concentration, on a forty-five minute ride, roughly translate twenty lines of Latin, skim over fifteen pages of history, commit to memory the names of the twelve tribes of Israel, and write in French a brief letter to her chère amie Marie in Paris. We cannot conclude this list without at least mentioning that bane of commuters, the man who turns his newspaper over at a crucial moment.

But lest you think the commuter's life a dull one, one that is always predictable, let me assure you that there is always an element of uncertainty about the whole thing, which has its distinct fascination. Nowhere, for example, was the "blizzard of '34" enjoyed more thoroughly than on Long Island. Where else could poor machine-age men experience the thrills of being actually snowbound? Many and bitter were the complaints, but deep in their hearts the commuters were saying "What fun!" They stood in the deep snow, and stamped their feet to keep from freezing. A feeling of camaraderie came over them as they waited for the train, between long and frequent trips to the station tavern. The ensuing ride to the city on those occasions when the train did come, was also colored by uncertainty. Even today a slight variation from schedule serves as excuse for lengthy recollections of the "storm."

Then, too, there are the times when some scandal or other great event takes place. The hour which the train takes to transport the commuters to the city serves admirably on these occasions. In sixty minutes nearly all the angles of the case can be touched upon and enlarged. Perhaps the most joyful occasions are the mornings when news travels, by way of the ticket collectors, frequently, that some young man has become a father during the night. Then do all his friends and neighbors fold their papers and stagger aft to slap him on the back and say, "Hello, Pop!"

NICHAVO *

ANGELINE LEIBINGER, '38

THE mingled sounds of incessant horn-tooting and riveting did not disturb the distinguished doctor, Ivan Rominski, who sat gazing at the ceiling of the room. In his lap lay a letter, written in a large scrawl, and bearing the signature, "Peter." His graying head rested on the back of the chair, and his eyes betrayed his delight. Then with a smile, he folded the letter and called "Sonya!"

"Yes, dear?" answered a clear voice from the doorway.

"Do you remember Peter, my old friend in Paris, the one I speak of so often?"

"Yes, of course. Is that letter from him? I thought the writing looked like his. What does he say?"

"My Sonya, he says something that makes me very happy. You know, I have not seen him for over twenty years, since I sailed for New York. Since then he has been teaching. And now the university has decided that it can spare him for a few months and he—"

"He is coming here, to New York? Oh, Ivan, I have hoped for some diversion for you. I am so glad."

"Yes, dear. He is coming finally. His boat arrives on the tenth."

"He will stay with us, of course?"

"Yes, I think he would like to. But we can decide later. I must go to the hospital; I have an important operation in an hour."

Two weeks of thinking and waiting made Ivan impatient and eager. He found himself saying, "Only four more days; only three more days." Much of his work was neglected; the hours were spent in recalling the past; in thinking of those first memories of childhood in far-away Vashka, when he and Peter played in the everlasting snow; in recalling their many

*The word itself expresses more than its literal translation "nothing matters." It embodies the mood or spirit of the Russian and his literature.

years together, studying in Paris; and in reliving those last few days in le Havre, when Ivan left Europe and Peter.

And now, the night before the arrival of Peter's boat, he was too restless to sleep. He read for a while, but the pages before him held no meaning for him. He tried to write some important letters, but Peter was more important to him than any letters just then. He talked with Sonya, but soon sent her off to bed, for it was getting late. Finally he settled himself comfortably in a big armchair before the radio, only half-listening to the music, but thinking happily of Peter's visit. Everything dear and familiar to him in New York must be pointed out to Peter. He must show Peter the hospital and tell him of his work; he must take him to his favorite restaurant and that new play; he must introduce him to everyone. Every bit of the time he could spare should be used to make Peter enjoy New York. How wonderful that the hope they had written of these twenty-odd years should now be so near realization! They had written of it optimistically, patiently, and they always—but what was this? Ivan leaned quickly forward in his chair and turned up the radio. No, there was no mistake; he had heard correctly. The hurried announcer repeated clearly, "An S. O. S. has just been received from the S. S. *Paris.*" What was this? Surely he had misunderstood. But no, the announcer could not have been clearer, even if he had said, "With Peter on board." Ivan switched off the radio and sat motionless, silent, trying to realize what this meant. He must do something,—but what? No, there was nothing for him to do but wait. He jumped up, walked about the room, picked up a book, opened it, set it down. He looked about the room searchingly. Suddenly, he reached for his hat and coat, determined to walk, regardless of the rain and wind.

Somehow rain and wind always seemed out of place in New York to Ivan. They reminded him of his earlier home in Russia. As he started down the street he thought of this again, but ironically this time.

A friend was standing on the opposite corner and Ivan, recognizing him, hastened to cross the street. But half-way over, he slowed his steps and blinked his eyes. He saw Peter in a small lifeboat, being tossed about by the waves. He stopped. A woman screamed. And the truck sped on. Ivan lay in a pitiful heap on the pavement.

BOOK REVIEWS

COME AND GET IT

By Edna Ferber

In her latest novel, Miss Ferber again presents an epic of the fortune-making of the typical American pioneer of the mid-west. This time the story traces the rise of Barney Glasgow from the time he shouted, "Come and get it," as a chore boy in a lumber camp, till he became the lumber king of Wisconsin, and one of the country's wealthiest citizens. Through an account of the adventures of Barney's son, we are brought through the post-war period of high living. No longer content with logging society, the Glasgows turn to Europe as a means of "acquiring" culture. But the crash of 1929 thwarts their plans, and Wisconsin witnesses a wholesale "return of the native."

Like *Cimarron* and *So Big*, this novel shows great research on the author's part. This is an entertaining story, but almost a "pot-boiler." Six months from now even the names of the characters will have been forgotten.

(Doubleday, Doran.)

C. BRENNAN.

DON SEGUNDO SOMBRA

By Ricardo Güiraldes

Translated by Harriet De Onís

Shadows on the glowing pampa sky, the stubborn rhythm of the saddle, the ruthless nip of the sun. . . . A series of swift and brilliant impressions which vanish into the enormous present, leaving not a trace. . . . The present itself displaced by new but equally evanescent experiences. . . . Life depicted here is the mere external incident, lacking all continuity. The background of long grasses and grotesque trees against which the gauchos and ranchers move seems more real than the characters themselves. The brooding sense of the endless monotony of pampas and sky, the picture of the hurling sheets of rain which blot out the horizon and prairies recall Conrad's sympathy with nature in her many moods.

Harriet De Onís, in translating this epic of a primitive and heroic way of life, has succeeded in retaining the Spanish-American flavor without sacrificing clarity of style. Doubtless, the translator's flexible transition from the poetic image to the crudest of American slang accounts for the book's popularity with people of all levels.

Ricardo Güiraldes's prose is a more cultivated medium than that ordinarily deemed appropriate for stories of cowboy life and violent action. We find in the novel a sense of values and a simplicity, alien to even our better western stories, which makes the book comparable, in Waldo Frank's eyes, to our own classic, *Huckleberry Finn.*

(Farrar & Rinehart.)

C. Cronin.

GEORGIAN SCENE

By Frank Swinnerton

Now at fifty, Mr. Swinnerton takes stock of the literary scene, bringing the experience gleaned from his years as editor, critic, publisher and writer to reinforce his admirable judgments. He believes that literature must measure up to life, and that the process should never be reversed. He is in the highest sense a modern creative critic. Not only does he review the Georgian scene, but he, by the artist's creative faculty, conjures up for us living creatures who literally move across the "Scene." Since most of the men and women upon whom he comments are still living (and many of them are his friends), his task is made doubly difficult. But his kind sense of humor and adroitness, modifying a sharp criticism by a word of praise, is his saving grace.

Swinnerton is unusually fair. At his hands that much abused pair, Chesterton and Belloc, at last come into their own. He sees that they are too virtuous and too far removed from the modern age. "Not till their gifts are separated from their views will they be appreciated." He is not an admirer of James Joyce, and agrees with Wells in holding that "he has a marked preference for the cloaca." *Ulysses* he found "quite empty of idea, although it is packed with ideas." This comment is indeed welcome to one who has waded through the dark of *Ulysses* and except for the momentary flash of a lovely line, found it a harsh intellectual stint.

It is not surprising in so Gargantuan a work as this to find a few imperfections. Just as Swinnerton found in the various temperaments of his contemporaries the reason for their productions, so I find, in the temperament of Swinnerton, the *raison d'être* of his shortcomings. In the first place he is too fastidious and given to the admiration of literary artistry to appreciate thoroughly the wild and woozy plans of H. G. Wells. The same lack of atuneness applies in his estimate of the massive genius of Arnold Bennett. Swinnerton does not appreciate the "modns." Coming to young manhood as he did during the expansive imperialistic years of the early 1900's, he found himself in a far more stationary society than did those "upstarts of 1910" who grew up during the War and lived its aftermath. He had dignity and peace; they had (and still have) continual chaos and experiment. It is natural that Virginia Woolf should "specialize in disconnectedness"; but it is also natural that Swinnerton, looking out at her from his well-ordered world, should not comprehend. Swinnerton can get no satisfaction from the moderns because he does not need it.

Like Sir Edmund Gosse he is filled with "curiosity and delight in all manifestations of literature." In fact, in *More Books on the Table* and *Silhouettes* as in *The Georgian Scene* there is beneath the surface of casual, conversational comment the swift flowing current of clear, critical analysis.

(Farrar & Rinehart.)

K. Sheehan.

GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS

By James Hilton

Goodbye, Mr. Chips—and the title belies the sentiment. James Hilton's fragile little tale about the life of an English schoolmaster grows (like Chips, himself), mellower and more enduring with time.

Mr. Chips is one of those people who at twenty, perhaps, knows that he has gone as far in life as he ever will go; and that rare person who, at seventy, can look back without bitterness, knowing that he has used his small talent well. In time, the pattern of his life, shot through with sorrows that were brief (all but one) and briefer joys, becomes almost a tradition at the little prep school where he taught the classics to three generations of English gentlemen. Of course, "Dickens would have loved Mr. Chips."

There is an evenness about this sketch which I like. There is a humor which is not forced. There is a sentiment which is not dramatic or, worse still, melodramatic. And there is a delicacy which is not so overwrought as to destroy vitality. I wish that there were more writers with the good taste of Mr. Hilton.

(Little, Brown.)

M. Sylvester.

IN SEARCH OF MOZART

By Henri Ghéon

Although *In Search of Mozart* presupposes some knowledge of music and at least a moderate acquaintance with the works of the Salzburg musician, Mr. Ghéon has by his knowledge of this musician not limited its appeal.

Frequent musical quotations provide explanation and elaboration where they are needed. Mozart's letters are expressive of his unique personality—this one, for instance, written to his father when the composer was twenty years old:

"Dear Papa:

"I cannot write verses; I am not a poet. . . . I am not a painter. Nor can I express my feelings and thoughts in pantomime. . . . But I can do so with sound; I am a musician. And so tomorrow I shall play you a compliment on the piano for your birthday and feast day."

It is hard to deny the naïveté and childlikeness of such a man. Ghéon himself has been captivated by his subject's charm; he admits that he writes out of pure love and not as a critic of music. Any discussion of music naturally presents æsthetic problems, and Ghéon, while not entirly impartial, still contrives to express sound principles in his customary urbane manner. Mozart himself could hardly ask for a more sympathetic interpreter.

(Sheed & Ward.)

G. Wright.

JASMINE FARM

By Elizabeth

Gooseberries brought grief to Daisy, Marchioness of Midhurst—unripe gooseberries, to be exact. If she had not gorged her guests on green gooseberries that fatal weekend, she would not be in retirement on her jasmine farm in the south of France at the present moment. But, then, if Terry had been the "annunciating" angel she looked, "Mumsie" might never have been within shooting range of the white fur rug which called out to her soul.

Without racking her brain, "Mumsie" could think of town addresses more imposing than the slough of despond and as "nothing really matters so long as you know it isn't going to last and as few things do last . . . " why languish there overlong? But, at times, "Mumsie's" gal-

lant philosophy deserted her and life seemed a sorry business indeed, letting one down from first to last and finally clapping one under a mound "just when one was least able to bear it."

Excellent farce at its best. *The Jasmine Farm* represents a decline from "Elizabeth's" comedy which is ordinarily flavored with penetrating satire.

(Doubleday, Doran.)

C. Cronin.

NOW IN NOVEMBER

By Josephine Johnson

When Josephine Johnson wrote of the hardships of country folk on a mid-western farm she was well fitted for the task, having spent some years on a farm in Missouri and knowing full well the experiences of farm life. *Now in November* is the simply told story of a ten-year struggle against small prices, poor crops and life-drenching labor. It is told through the reflective medium of one of the three daughters of Mr. Haldmarne, who came on the deserted place with the unpaid mortgage and bills "hanging fire." A drought, coming during the tenth year, climaxes the story. Following closely on that come the death of the mother and one of the daughters.

"Once I thought there were words for all things except love and intolerable beauty. Now I know there is a third thing beyond expression—the sense of loss. There are no words for death." This death was not only the physical loss of the mother but the loss of her tender support and loving nature. It was she who softened the hardships and kept a glamour of life in the face of despair.

Now in November gives the reader an idea of incompleteness. There has been no hurry to narrate the facts and we seem to resent the easy and free trend coming abruptly to an end.

There is a definite charm in Miss Johnson's style, although it is most unconventional and unrestrained. The simplicity and beauty of her message give definite character to her art. She has appreciated beauty in its most primitive form. For her, beauty is simplicity. A white cloud, driven across the skies, pleased her more than riches and wealth. With these as her standards she has accomplished her purpose.

(Simon & Shuster.)

R. G. Mackay.

TWILIGHT OF THE SUPREME COURT

By Edward S. Corwin

This concise survey of constitutional theory is particularly timely now that public interest has been aroused by the recent recovery legislation. "Nira," (the revolutionary statute to which Professor Corwin refers familiarly as "mademoiselle") as her *raison d'etre*, asserts that between the realm of the national government and that of the State, is a governmental vacuum, "a political no-man's land." Present-day outlook as expressed in legislation demands that the President play a more active rôle in supervising matters heretofore left exclusively to private initiative and market forces. And the New Deal has attained many results of dictatorship by a merger of legislative authority with Presidential leadership. The Supreme Court is free to sustain or overturn the New Deal and it appears not at all unlikely that in adjudicating the National Recovery Act, this tribunal will uphold the emergency legislation.

The author unhesitatingly avows a sympathetic interest in the larger features of the New Deal. He has no wish to do

more than link up the constitutional principles upon which depends the underlying validity of the extraordinary measures taken to meet the public crisis. But by the time he has finished he has sharply challenged those who oppose the New Deal on constitutional grounds and has suggested with all tact that the Supreme Court give its support or exit gracefully from the constitutional picture.

(Yale University Press.)

C. Cronin.

THE WINTER DIVERSIONS OF A GARDENER

By Richardson Wright

This is not a book about gardening. The author says that these diversions "are not concerned with washing rubber plants in milk or keeping bugs off pelargoniums," but with the means by which this enthusiastic gardener sustains existence during the long dark weeks before spring. Feeling like "a chained Bible, wishing for a financial Reformation, . . . or like a chained Decameron, which is far worse," Mr. Wright has tracked down amusing, curious and scandalous episodes in the garden's past. Originally this work was intended to be a monumental treatise on plant exploring. Fotunately Mr. Wright was sidetracked into writing a series of papers on all the whims and fancies of those who, through the ages, have been bitten by the gardening bug. In the chapter on "Flower-Painting Ladies," he tells of the incredible industry of the eighteenth century ladies who cut, painted, waxed, pricked, drew, sewed and constructed representations of flowers, as one way of passing the time. Here also does he give an interesting comment on the Victorian method of rearing daughters. It is customary to think of these repressed females as pale, docile, mentally deficient creatures. But often this system was productive of sturdy reactionaries in the form of women who flew the parental cage after years of caring for aged relatives; and they flew far. Marienne North for fifteen years scoured every continent to paint the flora of the world. In his swift and pleasant style, gently humorous, Mr. Wright rambles through the more diverting aspects of gardens throughout the literature and history of many countries. The book is agreeably impractical, and practically useless for any purpose save that highest one of all good books, entertainment.

(J. B. Lippincott Company.)

A. Tierney.

YEARS ARE SO LONG

By Josephine Lawrence

This novel presents a problem that is peculiarly modern. What do adult children owe to their parents? The five Cooper children revolt against the age-old idea that parents may lay aside responsibility and turn to their children at the advent of old age. George, the oldest, cold, logical, middle-aged, says:

"One generation's duty isn't to the past; it's to the future. We're in debt to our children, not to you."

Barkley Cooper and his wife had twenty years to save after the children married. George asks bitterly why his father did not provide financial security for himself and his wife in that time.

The situation becomes complicated when the old couple are separated, each to live with a different son and daughter. The Coopers' solution is the result of circumstances but the problem is still unsolved. One wonders if our modern mind will present a Townsend Plan or an old age pension as the answer.

(Frederick Stokes.)

A. Kennedy.

ANYTHING GOES

And Public Enemy No. 13 wasn't moved up to No. 1. You can imagine the chagrin of poor Victor Moore when he said, "I just can't understand this administration." Then picture the dear man masquerading as a minister of the gospel with a machine gun (his little putt-putt) in his violin case. Get a concept (if you can) of Ethel Merman in a white gown with her eyes cast heavenward, singing "Blow, Gabriel, Blow." Turn on the radio any night and you hear Cole Porter's music. Read a book by P. G. Wodehouse and you will have some idea of why these skillful cooks make such excellent broth. It's fast, young, delicious satire. It's the most excellent musical since 1928. When your grandchildren ask you about the year we came out of the depression, you can remember it by this. Don't miss it, 'cause "Heaven knows, anything goes."

Alvin Theatre.

K. SHEEHAN.

ACCENT ON YOUTH

By Samson Raphaelson

If you are twenty or thereabouts, *Accent on Youth* will make you wonder whether your conceit that the world is yours is not sometimes a little ridiculous; if you are sitting back from life in the environs of fifty, this play will make you pat yourself on the back and say your charm, your day is not yet over. For the play merrily unfolds its claim that age is more fascinating, has more to give to life than youth. In a frank and brilliantly spoken speech, a young secretary reveals her love to the graying playwright of fifty and promptly falls in love, a few months later, with a young actor from Princeton University whom she marries. But alas, his continual exercising to keep himself young and beautiful, his abstinence from those obnoxious vices, cigarettes and coffee, his appearance, similar to all other college boys of the All-America something or other, bore her to the point of returning to the aging playwright. The college boy's rah-rah tactics in discovering his wife in the author's home may seem like a football game with Aristotelian logic for its mascot, but dear me, what shall we do with the poor things? Relegate them to the fireplace until they are devastatingly fifty and ready for marriage?

The actors, especially Constance Cummings, avail themselves well of the opportunity for good acting offered by the play's clever lines and thoughtful characterizations. It is artistically written with its sudden, unforeseen speeches that are so forecful as to give you a pleasant shock.

Whether you are one who holds with youth or with age, the novelty of the play, for you can see in the stage author, the actual author's dilemmas, will interest and delight you. Take your dad to see it, on

one of those nights when he complains of rheumatism, lumbago or the ills of oncoming age.

Plymouth Theatre.

K. SHEEHAN.

LABURNUM GROVE

By J. B. Priestley

Laburnum Grove is one of those light comedies that are entertaining enough for the moment, but leave little impression after they are over. Edmund Gwenn plays the part of the successful business man who startles his family when he reveals to them that he earns his money by swindling. When they wake up the next morning, after a restless night, he calmly passes off the situation by telling them "never think or talk on Monday morning of something that has been said on Sunday night." However, situations which occur later in the day cause George Redfern (Mr. Gwenn) to change his philosophy, for when he finds the police are closing in on him, he is forced to alter his plan of Sunday night. In order to avoid suspicion he decides to take his wife and daughter to Europe. After all, they haven't had a vacation in a long time and "we're only on this earth once, so we'd better make the best of it."

Things are brought to such a sudden conclusion that the audience scarcely realizes what is happening.

Masque Theatre.

C. BRENNAN.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE

We find amusingly focused in the character of Carole Arden of Hollywood, the vanity, the hunger for publicity, the disregard for others, all the disageeable temperamental traits commonly ascribed to one who exploits her personality for lucrative returns. Mrs. Malaprop had better hug her laurels to her when this silken dolly treads the boards "commuting" with herself or remarking on the beauty of the "ulterior" of a colonial house.

The idol of young America is majestically vexed when, in the course of a tour of personal appearances, her Isotta Fraschini breaks down, and leaves her a tourist reluctantly accommodated in the Struthers' home. Her technique *sans peur* though not *sans reproche* soon reduces Bud, Joyce Struthers' sweetheart, to the state of fidgety infatuation where he is ready and eager to accompany Carole back to Beverley Hills and "My-dear-husband-Benjamin - Feinberg - president - of - Superfine-Pictures-Incorporated." (And full many a man about town would have felt a quickening of the pulses at the dazzling spectacle of this platinum-locked lass in her gown of solid silver sequins—veritably, a female Lohengrin.)

It is at this point that the star's press agent snaps into action. His chief duty is to prevent the susceptible siren from finding love too frequently or too publicly. And with "dynamite in and out of the box office" in his charge, his is no sinecure. His last coup in separating his employer's wife from the "object of her affections" required the shipment of a certain cowboy back to his horse F.O.B. Detroit. But here was an affair demanding more subtle methods. Reminding Miss Arden of the poignant renunciation scene from her last picture, he plays on her as on a sensitive instrument and thus frustrates the quickest victory in modern history.

As L'Arden is preparing to purr out of Bud's life forever, the discovery of the deception practised on her lacerates her soul. But recovering with the resiliency of

youth, Carole brings the curtain down on the most hilarious and smashing of current point lines.

Though it bears an unmistakable resemblance to *Once in a Lifetime*, *Personal Appearance* has none of the reckless farce and brittle wit of that opus, running smoothly along well-charted paths and heading for steady laughter from the first scene to the last. Yet I venture to say that any member of the audience will go out to greet a tornado half way rather than meet a screen star in the flesh.

Henry Miller Theatre.

C. Cronin.

PETRIFIED FOREST

By Robert Sherwood

Alan Squire, cross-country hitchhiker meets Gabby in her father's filling station in the Black Mesa. She falls in love with him and he tells her that sometimes she seems very young and "sometimes like God's grandmother." She is a romantic and reads François Villon to get the stink of the hamburger and gasoline out of her system. Alan goes away and tells all. He is a major artist who has remained inarticulate. He belongs to that vanishing race of intellectuals—"brains without purpose, shape without substance." He is seeking escape and the Petrified Forest, that world of outmoded ideas where nothing is better than endless doubt. And, oh, he comes to a sad, sad end.

I expected to find Leslie Howard in the frills of *Berkeley Square*, in the fog of *Outward Bound*, and I was not disappointed. Here he is in the Arizona desert, amid Dillinger-type desperadoes, but he is still wearing the opera cloak of Oxford urbanity. Not meaning to disparage the elegant Leslie (for I think he is grand), it is only fair to note his trick of acting. He confines his acting to facial movements and remains as mobile as the sphinx while the rest of cast are wildly flinging themselves around. It is obvious that he is the main drawing card but we must note the excellent production staff. In less skillful hands this play might have closed the second night out.

Broadhurst Theatre.

K. Sheehan.

PETTICOAT FEVER

By Mark Reed

In his new play, Dennis King again justifies his popularity to an enthusiastic audience. As the young Englishman who is about to become a victim of *Petticoat Fever* "because he hasn't seen a beautiful woman in two years," he gives an entertaining and believable performance.

The story takes place in a government wireless station on the coast of Labrador where "the peculiar Mr. Dunsmore" lives in comparative isolation. An airplane accident makes it necessary for Sir James Fenton and his fiancée, Ethel Campion, to take refuge in his shack. After taking one look at Ethel, their genial host decides that "since England expects every man to do his social duty," the least he can do is to put his guests up for the winter. Complications set in when Clare Wilson, played by Ona Munson, arrives from Montreal determined to marry Mr. Dunsmore. Needless to say, Mr. Dunsmore's fever is entirely cured in an extremely amusing way at the end of the play.

The casting and presentation are excellent and the settings effective. Those of his admirers who have followed Mr. King in light opera will be pleased to hear that he sings a charming little song, "Love Tiptoed Through My Heart" in his own inimitable way.

Ritz Theatre. C. Brennan.

POST ROAD

By W. D. Steele

Post Road from the very able pen of W. D. Steele is another melodrama making, as did the *Petrified Forest,* much of another national scandal. It shows what might happen in any tourist-taken house on the Boston Post Road if kidnapers made it their rendezvous. For months before a millionaire baby was born they laid their plans. Lucile Watson's saving of the baby from its would-be murderers provides a dramatic moment of the highest order. Here one actually experiences that primitive thrill of the theatre.

The plot is originally conceived and masterly in its development. The Theatre Guild's fine attention to production details is well worth while in this worthy vehicle.

Ambassador Theatre.

K. Sheehan.

THE BISHOP MISBEHAVES

By Frederick Jackson

"Desperate ills require desperate remedies," and the Bishop of Broadminster courageously sets out to foil the villains of the robbery in the pub. Incidently he garners a few souls for the Church. At any rate, he can appease his insatiable longing to be involved in a real, live mystery. Walter Connolly delightfully and magnificently enacts the rôle of this rural English clergyman who yearns for wider horizons, finding the sins of his parishioners "only petty sins, hardly worthy of my attention."

The action of the drama is swift, convincing, excellently managed. It would be worth seeing for Walter Connolly alone, for the mere sound of his husky voice. One moment of his pacing up and down can create a delicious state of suspense. But that statement is unfair to the other members of the cast, who contribute adequately to this artistic performance. Lucy Beaumont, as the Bishop's sister partakes of his intrepid nature. She has tied up so many Christmas packages that she does not find it difficult to tie up a few thugs. Alan Marshall and Jane Wyatt are the appealing hero and heroine. A. P. Kaye, the bartender, and Phyllis Joyce, the brassy-voiced *nouveau riche,* play good character rôles with a sufficient amount of inspiration. From a dramatic viewpoint, this play is technically perfect. Equally important is our other reason for recommending it, that quality implied in the bartender's characterization of the Bishop: " 'E's 'ot, 'e is, 'ot!"

Golden Theatre.

A. Tierney.

THE OLD MAID

By Zoe Akins

Zoe Akins's dramatization of *The Old Maid* has skillfully preserved the atmosphere and mood of Edith Wharton's story. The characters emerge as part of that background and the feeling of convention and restraint that pervades the whole play leaves an air of unreality about them at times. Stewart Chaney's beautiful settings have played no small part in making this presentation effective.

Fresh fom her triumph as Elizabeth in *Mary of Scotland,* Helen Menken again proves her versatility with her sympathetic interpretation of the rôle of the Old Maid. Judith Anderson as the jealous Delia gives an intelligent and moving performance. Her scene with Charlotte, where she discovers that the father of her

cousin's child is the man she loved, is particularly effective. George Nash, as Dr. Lanskell, the family doctor, also does a good job. The restraint and sincerity in the acting of both Miss Anderson and Miss Menken make the last five minutes of the play the most absorbing part of it. If this were all you were to see of *The Old Maid* it would be worth your while.

Empire Theatre.

M. Lavin.

THUMBS UP

By Eddie Dowling

There have been very few celebrities left out of the program. From the Pickens Sisters through the antics of Clark and McCullough, the prancings of Hal Le Roy, the impish imitations of Sheila Barrett to the clever Ray Dooley's clowning, no one has been omitted whose presence might tend toward a brisker revue. The skits are many and varied in theme. They are independent of one another and lend nothing toward continuity. It seems that with this material and talent that the production could have been made more entertaining. Nothing, surely, was spared to make it lavish. As a bit of elongated vaudeville, the show is effective, but other than that it is not satisfactory.

St. James Theatre.

H. Mackay.

WOMAN OF THE SOIL

Woman of the Soil states this theme: a mother loves her son too much and her love has made her weak. I say states advisedly because this theme is merely mentioned in the beginning of the first act and it doesn't develop or deteriorate—it's j u s t there. Although this benighted O'Neill-like heroine realizes her son's obvious shortcomings (and what shortcomings—he's depraved and a drug addict to boot) she nevertheless is willing to sacrifice her beautiful adopted daughter to him on the slim chance of saving him. And thus we meet the "woman of the soil"—such a woman as never walked the earth. She loves the soil, children, books, etc., and she is willing to be offered up on the altar of duty for her benefactress.

This play has been ill-handled by many critics, but they overlook one point. Its literary side is not as bad as its histrionic one. I can honestly say this is the worst acting, outside of amateur productions, that I have ever seen in my life. The poor author doesn't have half a chance to put his meagre ideas across. In one bit of dialogue he gets off a neat bit of philosophy:

"How are the crops this season?"

"Oh, good for those who know and bad for those who don't. I guess that goes for everything."

Had this play Katherine Cornell and Basil Rathbone in the leading rôles, one could forget the lines that are merely filler, and the lurid plot mechanically terminated by killing off the villain. *Woman of the Soil* shows us a few stray Vermont farmers who are happy to be farmers. And that, in these days of the A. A. A., is something.

(This play has closed.)

K. Sheehan.

(*Continued from page 11*)

the guest of honor had always sat, the old melodion, from which Carrie had charmed such pretty tunes, the carpet woven with scattered rosebuds, the handsome old furnishings, were all gone now; in their place was an elegant, plush-cushioned divan with gilded legs, from the same mail-order house that had supplied the wall paper; a raucous victrola, with innumerable cheap records, and several other atrocities. The mellow charm of the house had completely vanished.

Myra was equally as dissatisfied as her father-in-law, though for different reasons. She was discontented with the shabby furniture, and spent every cent of Howard's wages for things "to brighten up the place." She complained of the work and purchased, on the installment plan, a mechanical washing machine run by gasoline. She found it very difficult to meet the regular payments for this, and at the same time, to buy lavishly on each trip to town, to "keep up a front" before her neighbors, whose dislike she sensed. She began nagging at Howard again to quit the farm work entirely and get work at the town basket factory. Howard refused at first, unwilling to leave such a burden of work for his father. But the fall of the year found him among those who answered the call of the factory whistle and stood at their machines all day long. "Anything for the sake of peace," he told his father desperately, when the old man reproached him for yielding.

He found little peace, however, at the factory, where the machines hammered ceaselessly, the dust choked him, and his fellow workers emphasized his clumsiness by their own skill and their continued jibes. His home was not much more comfortable. Myra was always at him to demand a raise. Feeling obliged to do as many chores as he could for his father, he got up an hour earlier, and made the rounds again each evening. But he was not able to keep the two cows that now remained from the former herd of twelve, as he had cared for the larger flock. He feared that even these two would be confiscated if the State health authorities should come around to examine them. Of course, there was no real danger of tuberculosis in the cows, but they certainly did not receive the same scrupulous care that he had once been able to give them.

The next summer Howard was thin and tired looking, but with a brightness in his eyes and a color in his cheeks that troubled his father. But Jerome was by this time so much a stranger in his own house that

he dared not make any suggestions, nor offer any advice. He locked his fears in his heart and prayed that they would prove groundless. When the State ordered the two cows killed, however, Jerome did insist that Howard consult a doctor. Only the fear of losing her breadwinner made Myra consent to this expenditure of money on something other than her own pleasure.

Though he tried to soften it, the doctor's report was the very worst. He could offer no hope of recovery. Nothing Jerome could say comforted his son. He had to watch him die, his body wasted and spent with pain, his mind tormented with self-reproach and anxiety.

Myra stayed at the old farmhouse and acted the part of the bereaved, helpless wife until she was convinced that she would get neither sympathy nor support from the father of her dead husband. When she had gone, no one in the neighborhood regretted it, least of all Jerome Rudd. Left with nothing but the unchanged hills and pastures of his farm, Jerome Rudd kept faith with his God, and at the end, gained his place in the old churchyard beside Carrie.

VIVISECTION

(*Continued from page 22*)

But I find that I have argued myself into the opposite belief: what gift of greater benefit than this can you leave any girl? Where else can she experience the literal meaning of riding down obstacles? Where else, in short, can she learn the seventy times seven ways of skinning a cat but in the laboratory of this maltreated publication? My friend the genius, I have spoken muchly and long of the practical aspect of literary composition. Know that I am impelled to this solely by the very great pleasure it has been to me to join, briefly, yet vigorously, in the mad struggle to reach the press. Lady, I had no idea!

Very truly yours,

AN ANALYTIC MIND.

THE TOWN YODELER

(With Apologies to Alexander Woollcott)

EXTRA ! ! ! 100 in Ethics! He gave fifty to one girl and fifty to the one in back of her.

EDUCATIONAL: Education is a noble thing. The modern college student is given the greatest of advantages through courses in methods of teaching and psychology; she derives inestimable benefits from the privilege of observing in the high schools. But when it comes to the kid brother and his algebra!

"Benighted idiot, can you multiply eggshells and broomsticks? Clod of the earth, can you add dogs and cats and get mice?" His soul seared by this flaming tirade, the poor wretch was nevertheless seized by the hair and shaken mercilessly until his teeth rattled in his head. Then, overcome with remorse, our embryonic pedagogue soothed his lacerated feelings with a kiss. (The kid fainted.)

Cellophane orchids to the practical psychologist amongst us. She keeps a diary—to record his latest whispered endearment? Jamais de la vie! In it she jots down all the social errors, heartburning incidents and the like which cause her to shrink in anguish from the mere remembrance. Every day she reads them over. At the end of five days, she reports, she can laugh heartily at the recollection of her early agony.

PRESENCE OF MIND DEPARTMENT: The three of them were getting off the subway. The first, however, found a suitcase between her and the door. The occasion demanded swift action. Should she jump it or go around? Our athletic heroine did neither. She vigorously kicked over the obstacle and flew for the door. By the time the luggage was assembled and the feet unscrambled, the doors had closed, and her two friends perforce rode on to the next station.

HEART-RENDERING DEPARTMENT: A touching scene rent our heart at a recent theater party. Two girls waited in the lobby for

the chairman to arrive with their tickets. The minutes speeded on. It got colder and colder. Still they waited, with noses pressed against the glass. She comes! Eagerly they rushed up to her—she looked at them and—as clear a case of mental telepathy as we've ever seen—turned white as a sheet. They exclaimed in horror. She moaned, "Don't look at me like that! I haven't got them!" "What!" "Why, I gave them to your friend Susie." "No!" "Yes!" "She went home!"

P. S.—They saw the show. The manager relented at this piteous tale.

REJECTED: *Villeneuve-Bargemont*—(this purports to be a book review). Very often a reviewer is strongly tempted to read a book thoroughly from cover to cover. Fortunately such was not the case in the present instance. This book is, as we read on the jacket, an illuminative account of a French eighteenth century economist. The word French is superfluous. Anyone with half a brain can tell that from the name alone, without even reading the book. We were restrained from pursuing our literary labors farther into the interior because of the statistics laid end to end like PWA project fences. But the book can be recommended for one reason: the cover is perfectly lovely. The paper jacket is of a soft pale blue, with a tinge of aquamarine. It is ornamented with striking horizontal brown stripes. Such a combination harmonizes admirably with spring ensembles of brown, tan or gray, but will not, in our estimation, do much for navy blue.

BE PREPARED DEPARTMENT: When sudden affluence befalls us, can we take it? . . . A glittering musical comedy ($3.30) . . . soft snowy ermines ($1,500) . . . the heavy fragrance of gardenias ($1.00) . . . gowns of velvet and brocade ($150) . . . the blinding spectacle of priceless jewels ($50,000) . . . in an oasis amid this splendor sat two waifs from St. Joseph's . . . in middy blouses . . . IN A BOX ($6.60).

Workingwomen unite! Are we to be so ignominiously dubbed by Brooklyn College "Warrior" when obviously our name is Larrior? and then to be asked: "Why not call it Josephine?"

MAJOR CRIME DEPARTMENT: The gentleman loved music. His soul gasped and panted for an opportunity to revel in a long afternoon of Wagner. Day after day he scrimped and scrimped on lunches and tobacco; he walked miles to save nickels; he salvaged discarded newspapers in trains. For two weeks he lovingly cherished the ticket; every hour he looked to make sure it was still in his pocket. Finally the day of days arrived. Throughout the first act he sat in a transport of ecstasy.

The excess of his emotion left him limp and exhausted. He could stand inactivity no longer. He climbed out on the fire-escape to seek fresh air after the tragedy of Siegfried. When the house darkened, the watchful usher closed and locked the doors of the fire-escape. The curtain rose on the second act. Then came a violent knocking on the wall, continuing all through the act. Indignant people looked around in annoyance, outraged that the Metropolitan Opera should allow knocking on the wall during a performance.

SYMPTOMS OF STRESS: African daisies to the girl who took a quiz recently holding a rosary in one hand and a pen in the other. Wonder which worked?

The night blooming cereus to the industrious lass who was found studying in one of the showers.

Agitated frosh to the librarian: "Is the Son of God signed for the week-end?"

The deanery will need refurnishing after that hectic week of reports. Was it in a fit of frenzy or vandalism that one gal nearly demolished that lamp?

THE NURSERY SCHOOL: "God is everywhere, all around you, even though you cannot see Him."

Vicky: "Just like bacteria!"

Have you noticed the proud smile on the beaming faces of the LORIA staff? We have just discovered that our gifted editor can wiggle her ears!

We are advised that locker 391 is soon to become a clearing house for cats. Clients may shortly turn in last fall's kittens for the new spring model. Come early and get one to match your Easter bonnet.

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